

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1849.

BANK LICK, KENTUCKY.

THE engraving for March is a very fair one, we think, though not equal to the one for February, which was one of Mr. Smilie's best.

Bank Lick is only a few miles from the Queen City, where we hold our lodgings; and yet we are totally unable to describe the scene of the picture, never having been at the "lick" since the last mastodon salted his appetite at those springs.

There is one thing, however, in this picture, which we can speak of with certainty. It is a fair sample of western river scenery. The reader will perceive, that there is a newness, a freshness, a coolness about it, which, in every sense, is really western. No two things can be more unlike, which are of the same kind or genus, than an eastern and western landscape. The one appears old, venerable, highly ornamented by art, variegated by strokes of genius, and abounding with the evidences of wealth and taste; the other is natural, uncultivated, wild, broad if not boundless in extent, magnificent in general outline, but unfinished in its parts, with Nature always glorying in her lavish gifts, and with the smallest interference from the hand of art. Bank Lick is, consequently, a western scene throughout.

These "licks" used to be great places, in olden times, for deer-shooting, and similar sports. The deer, coming down to these salt spots, for the purpose of "licking" the salt water oozing from the ground, were shot in great numbers by the early settlers of the west.

It has often been inquired, why did the Creator fill the world's great forests with wild animals, which have so impeded the progress of civilization from age to age? There is sophistry cunningly covered up in that interrogation. It is clandestinely assumed, that the existence of wild animals has retarded the advancement of civilization, whereas the contrary is the fact. The French infidels, we know, about the time of the Revolution in France, industriously labored this question, as an objection to the doctrines of a Providence and a God; but, like all other skeptical objections to Christianity, it is as shallow as it is false. The truth is, the wild-wood animals have been the chief means of advancing the march of the human race

into the great primeval forests of the world. They are God's fatted cattle, fed from nature's granaries and leaf-covered stalls, filling the desert wilderness with meat; and thousands of colonies, for thousands of years, have successively lived upon this prepared bounty of Heaven, when taking possession of new countries, until they could bring a more certain support from a cultivation of the soil. Without them, including the beasts of the forests and the birds of the air, it would have been literally impossible to people the world at all; for the berries, and the natural fruits of the earth, though contributing to the same purpose, would not have been sufficient for this end.

"But there are many of these animals," says the objector, "which man would not willingly eat." True enough, not very *willingly*, unless at the starving point, when they would be quite "savory" to his taste; but then they all make good eating to those other animals, whose flesh does suit the more delicate taste of man. "But this assumes," adds the objector, "that man is a flesh-eating animal himself." Most certainly it does; for most certainly he is a carnivorous being. His teeth, his stomach, the necessities of every fibre of his body, all require him to be an eater of flesh, in spite of all the Grahamism on earth.

But a truce to this. What say you, reader, of those fishermen? They look very much like a couple of my clerical friends, who, last summer, went up to the "lick" to catch a few baskets full of fish. They importuned "the Editor" to go with them; but he was too incredulous to dream of luck in that business. They laughed at his want of faith, and came back at night, after a hard day's work in the rain, with *one entire fish*, which their "basket boy" caught, perhaps, with a pin hook! Do you think they laughed at his highness, "the Editor," any more? We think *not*.

This picture was drawn from a painting by one of our Cincinnati artists, G. N. FRANKENSTEIN, whose abilities as a painter have been demonstrated by many productions of rare execution. In our next number we shall give two fine pictures—one, a view of a New England village, the site of the largest sythe factory on earth; the other, young Safford, the great mathematical wonder.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

PARTNERSHIPS for mere purposes of business and gain, may be dissolved whenever the interest, convenience, or pleasure of the parties requires. But there is a partnership for life. It blends names and fortunes, reputations and destinies, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, through weal and woe, till the parties are separated by death. No other union bears any comparison to this in point of importance. If formed suitably and on proper principles, nothing earthly contributes so much to smooth the rugged path of life, and strew it with the flowers of peace; but if otherwise, nothing is so fruitful in discontent, poverty, and wretchedness. When a man of honorable principle and fine sensibility gets taken in by the false appearance of one, who turns out to be an idle slattern, or busybody in other people's matters—by one who becomes a by-word and a proverb among her neighbors, and is shunned by the friends of her husband, he deserves the sympathy of all who know him. But of all the sights of woe, save me from that of a worthy, intelligent, and agreeable Christian lady, bound for life to a rough, ill-natured, unprincipled husband, without character, without means of support, or industry to acquire it. And if to all this be added gross intemperance, and its kindred vices, the case becomes quite intolerable. Yet there is no remedy for these oppressive evils, bad as they are, but to let patience have its perfect work, till death brings her the desired relief.

It is often said, in connection with this subject, "There is no accounting for taste." Perhaps it is so in some cases, especially such as those above described. Yet I am not sure but some things connected with the choice of companions, and generally regarded as mysterious, may be traced out and explained on natural principles. One thing, at least, appears to me, from long-continued observation, to be pretty well established, namely: There is, both in men and women, a natural proneness to fall in love with those who form a contrast with themselves; and in nothing is this principle so strongly developed, as in the choice of companions for life. Examples: Large men generally select small wives, and small men large wives; and as it requires two to make a bargain, it would seem that small ladies admire large husbands, and large ladies admire small husbands. A man of dark complexion, black eyes and hair, with heavy, black mustaches, and goatee beard—resembling that of the loathsome animal after which it is called—generally selects a wife with pale blue, or light hazel eyes, light hair, and fair complexion. If the husband has a long, narrow face, the wife has a short or round one—if the husband has a curving face, and receding forehead, then you may expect to see a wife whose face is straight, if not dished. Ladies

who have dark hair and eyes, and brunette skin, generally marry husbands with sandy hair, light eyes, and white complexion. The pale and ruddy, the feeble and robust, are, also, prone to meet. To these rules there are, of course, some exceptions. And yet they hold good so generally, that one practiced in observation upon them, has frequently pointed out, in a mixed assembly, a wife whom he never saw before, nor heard described, by being previously introduced to her husband, and pointed out a husband, in the same way, by being previously introduced to the wife. Should the reader still doubt the existence of any such principle as the love of contrast, as developed in the choice of companions, let him apply the rule in a hundred cases, as they come, before he decides.

One natural consequence of this system of choosing husbands and wives is, the children are often dissimilar in their appearance; and when that is the case, as a general rule, the sons inherit the features of the mother, and the daughters those of the father. Another consequence is, the race of man is preserved in a proper state of equilibrium, and his human identity easily maintained. From all which it might, perhaps, be safely inferred, that this love of contrast, the practical operation of which brings together all these extremes of large and small, long and short, athletic and feeble, swarthy and fair, is wisely implanted in us by the benign Creator as one of the laws of our nature, and if restricted in its exercise to mere physical considerations, would be both innocent and useful. It may, however, be indulged to an injurious extent, and, like all other gifts of Heaven, be abused. Perhaps the love of contrast may have some agency, or, at least, exert some remote influence, in bringing together, under the sanction of an indissoluble union, those whose natural dispositions, social habits, moral principles, and religious creeds, are not only variant, but conflicting. The reserved and the frank, the loquacious and the taciturn, the close and the liberal, the meek and the irritable, the industrious and the idle, the moralist and the libertine, are often united in the enduring relation of husband and wife, the probable effects of which can be more easily imagined than endured. There is, also, among those who are generally regarded as strictly religious, frequently observed a want of suitableness in their marriage connections—Pedobaptists and Immersionists, Calvinists and Arminians, Episcopalians and Independents, Methodists and Presbyterians, blended together in matrimonial bonds. That these may all be experimental and practical Christians, and on their way to heaven, is admitted. Still, they must suffer some inconvenience from such connections. In the important matter of attending public worship, for example, they have to separate, or alternately attend each other's Church; while the children, it would seem, scarcely know to which Church they pertain. It would probably be better to adjust this matter, and guard against these difficulties in the outset, by becoming members

of the same Church, wherever it can be done without sacrifice of principle or a good conscience. And, after all, while the true friends of Jesus marry within the pales of his evangelical Churches, though the husband and wife may belong to different denominations, there is but little ground of objection. If they are disposed to suffer the inconvenience arising to themselves and families from such connections, so let it be. But when they intermarry with those who are known, or believed to be the enemies of Christ, there are serious grounds of objection in the estimation of all the truly wise and pious. And among those grounds of objection are the following, which, I trust, will be duly considered by those concerned.

1. The intermarriage of practical Christians with unawakened sinners is *inconsistent*. In the enterprise of leading a pious life to gain heaven, we need to avoid every possible hinderance, and avail ourselves of all the help within our reach. The way to heaven is strait and narrow. Why, then, should we form any connection with those whose influence would bewilder and turn us aside? When we commenced the Christian race, we professed to lay aside every weight. Why, then, should we stop and take up a heavy burden on the way? As Christians, we can make no compromise with sin, without abandoning our principles and our blood-bought liberty, and, therefore, should form no alliance with sinners, lest we be entangled again with the yoke of bondage. As the children of God, our heavenly Father speaks to us on this wise: "Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord almighty." This we have professedly done, by separating from all worldly associates, uniting with the Church of Christ, and claiming the promise of adoption; and will we now abandon our Christian calling, reunite with the enemies of the cross, and retrace our steps to sin and death? I trust not. Our baptismal vow requires us to renounce the world, the flesh, and Satan, and obediently keep God's holy commandments. How, then, can a pious female, with this vow upon her, deliberately promise, at the marriage altar, to "obey" one whose governing principle of action is the carnal mind, which is enmity against God? How inconsistent! The thought is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. She should dash it from her, and have done with it for ever.

2. The marriage of a practical Christian to an unawakened person is *inconvenient*. "How can two walk together, except they be agreed?" But a Christian and an infidel are agreed in nothing pertaining to the subject of religion. Their belief, their principle of action, their habits, pursuits, pleasures, purposes, are all not only different, but opposite. And here let it be observed, that every unawakened and impenitent sinner is, practically, an infidel, though he may not be so professedly.

He, of course, sees no necessity for his wife to be habitually serious and pious, or for her to attend Church every Sabbath, much less for her being punctual to her social meetings, and cultivating the fellowship of the saints. So far from aiding her to walk in Christ as she has received him, he is a hinderance of the worst kind—worst, because of his relation to and influence over her continually. If he occasionally accompany her to the house of God, it is, perhaps, only to furnish himself with an argument to influence her, in turn, to go with him to a ball, or theatre, or on a Sabbath day's excursion of pleasure, that she may disgrace her Christian profession, be censured by her religious friends, and finally weaned off from them altogether. If she wish to have their children consecrated to God, sent to Sabbath school, and brought up religiously, he will probably prefer sending them to a dancing school, or leading them to places of fashionable amusement and sinful pleasure. While she would teach them to pray, he learns them, by example, to neglect; while she would teach them to read and love the Bible, he furnishes them with silly romance. In a word, while she aims to be religious, get to heaven, and take her family with her, he is traveling the way to perdition, and, by example, if not precept, doing what he can to draw his wife, children, and friends after him. Now with such opposite views and feelings, pursuits and practices, to say the least, there must be great inconvenience arising to the religious party from a connection so intimate and enduring.

3. For a Christian lady to be united in marriage to an unawakened husband, must be *unfavorable to her happiness*. It must be so almost of necessity, by having her wishes crossed continually in that which is to her of the greatest moment. For example, as a practical Christian, she wishes her house to be a house of prayer, with an altar on which shall be offered daily the sacrifice of prayer and praise, a house where the weekly Sabbath shall be strictly kept, and where her religious friends may freely resort, and, without embarrassment, hold pious converse for mutual profit and consolation. But the head of the family being irreligious, there is no family prayer, no proper observance of the Sabbath, no pleasant religious association, none of the songs of Zion; on the contrary, her dwelling is made a place of resort for the worldly-minded and impious, by whom her religion is not appreciated, and by whom the name of her blessed Savior, if used at all, is used irreverently. In some instances the unawakened husband becomes the opposer, ay, the persecutor of his pious wife, trying to block up her way at every step, and venting his indignation upon her pastor, and all others who extend to her either aid or sympathy. Certainly, a wife, under such circumstances, can have but little enjoyment, except what comes from anticipation of deliverance in the hour of death. Yet thousands of our pious young ladies, from year to year, are heedlessly forming such connections, and becoming victims to such

like troubles. It is time for others to pause and think before they take the fearful step. That a few such husbands get awakened, converted, and become agreeable companions, is not a sufficient warrant for taking the risk. Too many, by marrying sinners, with the hope of their becoming saints, have ruined their prospect of happiness for life.

4. The marriage of a Christian lady to an unawakened and impenitent sinner is not only inconsistent, inconvenient, and unfavorable to her happiness, but exceedingly *dangerous*. Every individual is more or less influenced by his or her immediate associates, especially by one so intimately associated as a bosom companion for life. That influence is always good or evil. But, inasmuch as the natural tendency of the human heart is to evil, the religious party is much more likely to be worsted than the irreligious is to be bettered, and especially so, if the irreligious party is head of the family, claiming the right to rule his own household. Where the husband and wife differ essentially in their views and professions, feelings and habits, there must be some compromise, or constant liability to unpleasant misunderstanding, and that compromise is very likely to be made at a sacrifice, on her part, of privileges important to her religious prosperity and enjoyment. Let all concerned look well to this point before they bring upon themselves, by improper marriage, any necessity of compromise. Trust not too much to promises of future reformation. Voluntary professions of friendship for the Church, and vows of future alliance with it, made by unconverted men, anxious to obtain its fair and pious daughters for wives, have often been forgotten, or violated after marriage, when it was too late to correct the error of listening to them. The united wisdom of our Church on this subject, gathered from experience and extensive observation, is thus briefly expressed in her Discipline: "Many of our members have married with *unawakened* persons. This has produced bad effects; they have been either hindered for life, or have turned back to perdition." This is, undoubtedly, true in general. There may be a few exceptions, occasioned by the early conversion of the irreligious party, and only a few, compared with the whole number. Most of our pious young females who have married with the unawakened, hoping thereby to bring them over on the Lord's side, have been sadly disappointed. It is a dangerous experiment, try it who will. How can pious parents give their religious daughter, nay, how can she give herself to an enemy of the blessed Savior—that Savior whom she ought to love above every thing in earth or heaven? How can she, as a child of God, promise to obey one whose heart is alienated from his Creator, whose mind is enmity against him, and whose life is one continuous act of rebellion against his sacred laws? Let her consider the following Scripture authorities, and then let conscience answer.

Our first reference is to the sixth chapter of Gen-

esis: "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." That intermarriage of the pious and impious not only occasioned the Divine threat, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man," but led to a state of society in which "the earth also was corrupt before God; and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt: for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them: and behold, I will destroy them with the earth." Again, the prophet Nehemiah, after much fasting and prayer, was sent to Jerusalem to reform certain evils, and, among others, that of improper marriages, saying, "In those days, also, saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab: and their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people. And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying, Ye shall not give your daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves." But the New Testament rule, which bears more directly upon us, is still more decisive, and is enforced by reasons sufficient to satisfy every reasonable inquirer after truth on this subject. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship has righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" This law is so appropriate and pointed, that no comment could render it either plainer or stronger.

Finally, this article is not designed to dissuade members of the Church from marrying with those out of the Church, provided they be firm believers in and true friends of our holy Christianity, properly informed respecting its obligations, and earnestly seeking salvation, but to discourage them from forming any such connections with the enemies of Christ. There are two evils against which I would here caution all who would be truly pious, useful, and happy. One is, marrying with impenitent sinners; and the other is, refusing or neglecting to get married altogether, lest they should have to linger out a tedious old age in solitude, and die unlamented. There is certainly no fatal necessity for falling into either dilemma. All Christians who will, may avoid the reproach of swelling the list of old maids and bachelors, without committing themselves to the tender mercies of the wicked, which are cruel. There are many promising candidates for matrimony in the Church, and perhaps some out of it; and if some of these do not suit exactly, others will. In regard to this important enterprise,

there is a proper medium between indecent haste, on one hand, and total indifference on the other. Shunning both extremes, proceed as a Christian should do, make it a subject of little conversation with man, but much prayer to God; for it involves greater interest than any other act of human life. Be careful and prudent, wait patiently the opening of Providence, till there is an opportunity to form a safe and happy union, then improve it. And when such union is formed, let the parties make the best of it, for the glory of God, the good of society, and their own happiness.

FAITH.

—
BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.
—

LONE star, that through the parted cloud
So sweetly now art smiling,
Gilding thy dark and misty shroud,
The traveler's fears beguiling,
How soon again thy cheering light
The robe of gloom must wear!
But yet, though hidden from the sight,
We know thou still art there.

Young bud, whose hidden graces rare
No mortal hand hath molded;
Bright bud, whose silken petals fair
Were never yet unfolded,
Thou'rt bursting into beauty now;
The soft red leaves appear;
Enthroned upon the leafy bough
The queenly rose is here.

The mariner, when far at sea,
When darkness shrouds the main,
Doth not look forward hopelessly,
Or doubtingly complain.
What though the restless billows rave,
And storms and tempests come!
He sees, beyond the swelling wave,
The mellow light of home.

Then, Christian, hope; the radiant star
Of Faith is beaming bright,
Through deepest gloom it sheds afar
A flood of holy light;
The bud of hope, a bud so long,
Expands, a perfect rose:
And see, beyond the surges strong,
The haven of repose!

SOLILOQUY

ON THE PROPRIETY OF BECOMING A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

—
BY E. M. D.
—

To write, or not to write, that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The scorn that Talent lavishes on Dullness,
Or to take arms against a host of critics,
And battle for their suffrage! To write—succeed—

No more; and by success to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand shrinking fears
Woman is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To write—succeed—
Succeed! perchance to fail; ay, there's the rub;
For how much shame is joined unto such failure,
When we have made an effort of the mind,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes our willful silence so long-lived;
For who would bear the cool contempt of Talent,
The scorn of Genius, proud man's contumely,
The pang of mind despised, bright Hope's decay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That modest merit of the assuming takes,
When she herself could her quietus make
By poem or essay? Who contempt would bear
Through life's unprized and weary pilgrimage,
But that the dread of something after writing,
(The keen, unsparing criticism, from whose lash
Few are exempt,) deters the attempt,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hues of resolution
Are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

THE CHILD.

—
BY MRS. HARLAN.
—

I've watched her long and sadly, till the shade
Of death is hovering darkly o'er her brow;
I saw the life-blood from her fair cheek fade:
Alas! and is my darling dying now?

Wipe the last tear from those lov'd eyes no more;
My sorrow dims their lustre; at her heart
The pulse is faint—her sufferings almost o'er;
My dying child, so soon, so sad to part!

And now long between each lingering breath;
See how she folds her pale arms on her breast!
A sweet smile wreathes her lovely face—'tis death!
How calmly, quietly she sinks to rest!

She's gone for ever; O, I did not dream
That death would touch a form so young and fair:
Those cheeks all rosy as the morning beam—
Those lov'd eyes, this smooth brow, and golden
hair!

Array her for the tomb; she's mine no more;
She was so like an angel from her birth—
An angel now—she's gone where death is o'er,
Too pure and sinless for this changeful earth.

God gave her—let my troubled heart be still—
And he hath taken her from toil and care;
I'll bow my stricken spirit to his will,
In holy trust, that I shall meet her there.

MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

GENTLE READER, it is a long time since last we met. Spring, with its ethereal mildness, and its budding beauty, has come and gone. Summer, with its sunshine and flowers, has passed away. Autumn, with its ripe fruits, and its falling leaves, has given place to winter, that now is spreading its white winding-sheet over all the beauty of earth.

Let us sit down together before the blazing fire on the cheerful hearth, while the winds are whistling without, and talk over the scenes of the past year. How have you been this long time? There is on your brow that which speaks of change. There is yet a sweet smile on your lip, and a merry light in your eye; but there is much of the serious and the sedate in your appearance. Have earth's changes borne heavily on your heart? Have the deep, dark shadows of the grave passed before you? Let me not, however, revive sad remembrances. Let them sleep on deep in your bosom, and let not me, by any ill-advised word, recall them to life.

My friend, the Editor, has greatly amused you by describing some of the strange incidents that befell him in his perilous pilgrimage last summer. I have a mind, also, to take you along with me on a brief excursion, to see if we may pick up by the way something for amusement or instruction.

DANDIES AND DOGS.

One morning last summer, awaking earlier than usual, I found myself lying in a berth on a steamboat moored at the city of Cincinnati. An hour or two afterward, I was ascending rapidly along the banks of the beautiful Miami. About noon I found myself at Springfield, a place I had never seen before, but of whose beauty I had heard much. An omnibus was ready at the depot, and I was soon set down with my baggage at the hotel. Soon dinner was announced. The day was one of the most delightful imaginable. The scenery along had really inspired me with some feelings of poetry. I was at peace with myself and all the world, and felt much like enjoying a good dinner. We were ushered into the dining-room, where the table was spread with provision sufficient, in variety and quantity, to satisfy reasonable men, and were seated promiscuously, as is usual in hotels accommodating transient travel. Just as I was about to commence operations, I cast my eyes up and down the table to observe the company. Nothing appeared particularly interesting till I happened to look directly across the table to my neighbor opposite me. Alas! that look spoiled my dinner. There sat a man, whose features might have been handsome, if you could have found them. But his chin, cheek, and upper lip, were so hairy, that when he tried to eat, you could only see, where his mouth ought to be, something that looked red. So greatly did the hair impede the admission of food to the mouth, that I really was afraid he would dislocate

his jaws—he had to open them so wide. For all this, however, the thing might have been tolerable, but for an appendage in the shape of a hairy, dirty, gray-whiskered, sore-eyed dog, which the man, or thing wearing man's clothes, held to his breast in his left hand, while he tried to eat with his right. Now I have no great objection to good-looking dogs: indeed, I am rather fond of them. I have long kept a large, noble, magnanimous, brave dog, the protector of all the children about the lot; and so great is my regard for him, that, fearing it might be too hard work for him to do all the barking, on account of the great number of visitors to whom he had to pay the canine salute, I procured a smaller one to help him. But such a dog, in the arms of such a man, in such a place, and at such a time, was equal to a dose of ipecac. I arose from the table, paid the door-keeper his half-dollar for looking at the dinner and the dog, and congratulated myself on being well out of that scrape.

At that time the distance from Springfield to Urbana was passed in stages. There were lots of passengers to be sent along, and not knowing when my turn would come, I waited patiently until my name was called, when I stepped into the stage, and took the only vacant seat, being the middle one. What was my dismay, on looking up, to find facing me, on the front seat, that same old dog, in the lap of the same biped. If a man finds himself in a perilous position, the safer way is to face the danger manfully. It also is wisdom to improve every opportunity to acquire knowledge; and being somewhat fond of natural history, I thought I might avail myself of the two hours' ride, to ascertain whether the biped with the dog was one of the descendants of Esau, or an improved species of ourang outang, or, what was most likely, a new genus of animal.

The result of my investigation was, that it was neither of these, but a new variety of humanity, of which I had before heard, but had never found a well-authenticated specimen, called the French Dandy. I learned that he belonged to the migrating animals, and was now on his way from New Orleans to the north. I learned, also, that a well-defined woman, in appearance, sitting on the back seat, acknowledged him for her husband, "*De gustibus non disputandum.*" She was, however, about as snappish and unamiable as the dog. I did really hope they were not going north for the same reason that fish go up stream at certain seasons of the year; for I should not want to see any more of the same sort. Arriving at Urbana, I observed that the man, dog, and woman retired to a chamber, as I supposed, for the night. I, therefore, resolved to go on to Sandusky that night, thinking my tormentors would not leave till morning. I had just got well fixed in a comfortable seat in the car, and was congratulating myself on passing a night as pleasantly as could be hoped on a railroad, when in came the man, woman, and dog. To my utter consternation, he placed his wife in the seat before me, and thrust

his hairy self and hairy dog right down by my side. Gathering up my cloak and hat, I gave him and his dog the whole seat, and sought refuge in another car.

Wearily wore the night away. The car was close and crowded. The seats were hard, the road rough, and some of the company smoky. In the morning, the cars stopped at some little village, whose name I have forgotten, for breakfast. We tumbled into the room, where the tables were scantily supplied with provision, and each one took his station where he could best accommodate himself with a place to stand; for seats were not. I selected my stand in the most distant and retired nook of the room, and was about to place a cup of coffee to my thirsty lips, when, O, horror! along came the dandy, with the same dog hugged to his breast, and projecting his ugly nose, and dirty feet, right over the table directly opposite me. I drank the coffee, all except what I spilled, seized a chicken bone, and looked neither right, nor left, nor back, till I got fairly out of door.

At Sandusky, midst the noise and confusion of draymen and porters, and the displacement of baggage, I lost sight of the interesting trio. I knew not whether they had gone on board the boat, or stopped at the hotel. After we had got fairly out into the lake, the dinner bell rang. By this time I was pretty essentially hungry. Having, however, some misgivings lest the dog might be on board, supposing that, as the dandy had a lady in charge, as well as a dog, he would take a seat near the head of the table, I took the precaution, as I happened to be, at that time, *ladyless*, to choose my place at the other extremity of the table. I had but scarcely got seated, when, happening to look up, I saw coming out of a state-room, that very man, and that very woman, and that very dog; and, O, horror of horrors! I perceived that the table was nearly full, the only vacant seats being opposite me, and my tormentors were approaching the place. But it was no longer any use to flee; I might as well be dogged to death as to starve. So, with inclined head, eyes nearly closed, and desperate haste, I swallowed my dinner, trusting to the digestive powers of my stomach, and left the table as soon as possible.

The wind began to blow a stiff, fresh breeze. The boat began to pitch, and the passengers grew quiet. Soon all was hushed in the cabin. Gentlemen, ladies, children, and the dog, had retired to the state-rooms and berths. I took a comfortable seat, and, undisturbed either in mind or stomach, mused the time away. Evening came, and supper was announced; but no dandy nor dog appeared. Through the night I slept quietly on a cot, undisturbed by bark or yelp. At early morn we arrived at Buffalo. As soon as the boat touched the wharf, I leaped ashore, baggage in hand, and, standing at a safe distance, watched the motions of the French dandy with dogged interest. Soon I saw him, and wife, and dog, and baggage, driven in a hack to the depot of the Niagara Falls railroad. I had intended to go that way myself, but I never could think

of visiting Niagara with the risk of again meeting dandies and dogs. And then I might have to travel all the way in company with them to New York. So my mind was at once made up to get out of Buffalo, and away from the Falls, as quick as possible. Soon I was on my way direct to Albany, and I never saw dandy nor dog more, and I fervently hope I never may.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Reader, did you ever see the noble and beautiful St. Lawrence, and glide down its varied surface from Ogdensburg to Montreal? If you did not, then there is yet reserved for you, if you have time and means to make it, the most interesting excursion in the world. You have heard of the thousand islands scattered along from the foot of Ontario to Ogdensburg. There is much of the romantic and wild in the scenery of this part of the river; but nothing can surpass the alternate succession of beauty and grandeur below. Sometimes the river rushes through narrow gorges, and the stanch steamer dashes down the startling, foaming, roaring rapids. Then the waters spread out over a vast surface, forming a lake, whose distant and depressed shores are dimly seen through the hazy atmosphere. Along the banks, on one side, are farms, and villages, and churches, and, on the other, a wild and unknown region, ribbed by unclimbed mountains, and intersected by untrodden valleys, and dotted with unexplored lakes. This wild and uninhabited region extends over a large part of northern New York. A range of very lofty mountains may be seen all the way as you go down the St. Lawrence, and up Champlain. They look rugged, gloomy, and grand.

As you approach Montreal, the wildness disappears, the farms and villages grow more frequent and beautiful, and, at last, the noble and magnificent city rises before you. It is hard to conceive of a more magnificent scene than Montreal presents, as you approach it from the southern shore of the St. Lawrence. Conspicuous among the substantial structures, for which the city is remarkable, stands the great cathedral. When you reach the city, ascend the great tower of the cathedral, and look over the city and country. Such a scene of beauty earth can rarely present.

But I have detained you, perhaps, too long. We may return to this place again, and take another look at the St. Lawrence, and at Montreal, and at Champlain.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE Constitutional Assembly of Germany, now in session at Frankfort, have abolished the old connection between Church and state in that country, permitting the citizens generally to form such religious associations as they may choose, without help or hinderance from the government. They have, also, separated the connection between the state and the schools, which are to be the people's property.

THE JUDGMENT DEPICTED,
AND
DISTINGUISHED FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM,
IN OUR LORD'S DISCOURSE, MATTHEW XXIV,
WITH AN EXPOSITION.

BY REV. D. D. WHEEDON, D. D.

TEXT.

PARAGRAPH I.

AND Jesus went out and departed from the temple: and his disciples came to him to show him the buildings of the temple. And Jesus said unto them, See ye not all these things? verily, I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down. And as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall THESE THINGS be? and what shall be the sign of thy COMING, and of the END of the world?

PARAGRAPH II.

Narrative of THESE THINGS, or the sack of Jerusalem: being an answer to the first question; prefaced with a caution not to confound the sack with the end of the world.

And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many. And ye shall hear of wars, and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: ¹[for THESE THINGS must first come to pass:] but the END is not yet.

For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. All THESE are but the beginning of sorrows. Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you: and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake. And then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another. And many false prophets shall arise, and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure to the END shall be saved. ²[But there shall not a hair of your head perish:] and this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached ³[among all nations,] for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the END come.

⁴[And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies,] the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place, ⁵[then know that the desolation thereof is nigh.] Then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains: let him which is on the house-top not come down to take any thing out of his house: neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes. And woe unto them that are with child in those days, and to them that give suck in those days! But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day: for then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but

for the elect's sake, those days shall be shortened. ⁶[There shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people; and they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations, and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.]

PARAGRAPH III.

Narrative of the COMING: being an answer to the second question; prefaced with a caution not to confound the false Christs, at the destruction of Jerusalem, with his second COMING.

Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before. Wherefore, if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not. *For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the COMING of the Son of man be.* For wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. Immediately after the tribulation of those days, [in which his coming flashes forth,] shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken: and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man COMING in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

PARAGRAPH IV.

Practical admonitions in regard to their anticipating the THESE THINGS specified in their first question.

¹[And when THESE THINGS begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.] Now learn a parable of the fig-tree: When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: so, likewise, ye, when ye shall see all THESE THINGS, know that it is near, even at the doors. ²[The kingdom of God is nigh at hand.] Verily, I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away until all THESE THINGS be fulfilled.

PARAGRAPH V.

Practical admonitions in regard to the impossibility of anticipating the COMING named in their second question. Illustrated with parables.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. But of that day and hour [when heaven and earth shall pass away] knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. But as the days of Noe, so, also, shall the

L and M indicate the insertion of words from Luke and Mark.

COMING of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood, * * so shall, also, the COMING of the Son of man be. [Our Lord adds, in this paragraph, the parable of the unfaithful servant, that of the ten virgins, and that of the talents, to illustrate the necessity of being prepared before the close of probation for Christ's coming. We omit for the sake of brevity.]

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PARAGRAPH VI.

A narrative of the END of the world, in answer to the third question.

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left, &c. * * * And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

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COMMENT.

In explaining the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of Matthew, but two admissions seem to be required, in order to show its beautiful accordance with historical facts. The first is, our right so to combine the sketches given, by each of the evangelists, as to make one discourse. Each has reported a part; and as Matthew gives us the fullest copy, it appears right to take his as the basis, and to supply his omissions from the documents of the others. The parts supplied must, without any change of the order of sentences, fall into their natural place, so that nothing must be attributed to our Lord which he did not say, and nothing must be placed in a position which he has not assigned. Our second assumption is, that the different transitions may be marked, as in any other discourse, by paragraphs, which must be arranged according to the natural presentation of their topics. We have ventured, also, to prefix to each paragraph its title, for the accuracy of which, as a summary of the paragraph over which it stands, every reader must judge for himself. We have marked these paragraphs, for easy reference, with Roman numerals; and now proceed to present a commentary upon each paragraph, desiring our readers to compare our remarks with each in succession.

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PARAGRAPH I.

Upon being informed by our Lord that the temple, and, of course, Jerusalem, should be utterly overthrown, the disciples, naturally supposing that such an overthrow could take place only at the end of the world, put to him interrogatories, which, while they were imagined by the inquirers to be but *one*, were, in fact, *three*. They ask when shall take place *THESE THINGS*? that is, the events of Jerusalem's overthrow, what the sign of the *COMING*, and the *END* of the world. Our Lord then occupies his whole discourse in giving an answer to each of

these three questions, in their own order. The three terms, which we have just put in capitals, are the three subjects of their questions, and, therefore, of his answers; and it is by observing their occurrence, and preserving their uniform and natural application, each to *one signification*, that we find one key to a right interpretation of the discourse. They, of course, mean in the answers what they mean in the questions.

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PARAGRAPH II.

The answer to the first question.

The first question was, When shall happen *THESE THINGS*, which you have just intimated, namely, the subversion of our temple and city? Our Lord's answer is full and clear.

Knowing that they confounded two things, namely, the fall of the city with the end of the world, he, also, knew that there was great danger lest they should confound the appearance of some one of the false Christs, which were to precede the overthrow, with his own second advent. He, therefore, prefaces his narrative of the city's downfall with a warning. Be not deceived; those false Christs are not my second advent; those commotions are not the signs of my coming; the *THESE THINGS* you name are not the *END* you inquire for, namely, the end of the world.

And this admonishing preface is, in fact, the gist of the whole discourse. Why do not commentators recognize that this discourse was delivered, not as they have made it, to *confound*, but to *distinguish* the downfall of the city from the dissolution of the earth?

Our Lord then proceeds to deliver a narrative of the downfall, beginning with its premonitions, and ending with its consequences. Wars, earthquakes, famines, pestilences, should be the preludes, persecutions should be their lot, but not a hair of their head should perish; *they were indestructible*, and they would, thereby, prove to be the depositories of that Gospel, for its *ultimate, millennial* proclamation to all nations anterior to the *END* of the world.

"He that endureth to the *END* shall be saved." Some interpret this, He that endureth to the end of these troubles, shall be saved from these troubles; which would be a very flat proposition. Others understand it thus, He that endureth to the end of these troubles, shall be eternally saved; which would be a false proposition. The meaning is, He that endureth to the close of his probation—and, therefore, in effect, and in fact, to the judgment day—shall be saved. In this case the termination of our probation and the judgment are ideally identified. Hence, the word *end*, as in every other instance in this discourse, means the *end* of the world.

Our Lord then describes the siege and desolation of city and temple, and warns his disciples to secure their escape. This could have been no obscure warning; for ecclesiastical history informs us that, guided by these admonitions, not a Christian perished in that catastrophe.

He closes his narrative of the downfall of the state, with a brief allusion to the dispersion of that nation, through future centuries, down to the time when the Gentiles had received their full portion of the *exclusive* possession of the Churchdom. The narrative is now complete; their first question has been answered; they have been told "when shall *THESE THINGS* be."

PARAGRAPH III.

The second question regarded our Lord's *coming*, or, rather, it inquired what should be the *sign* or *test* by which they might recognize his coming, in distinction from any pretender's advent, or any other event. Having completely answered the first question, our Lord next takes up this, the second. The distinctive *sign* of his coming is, that it should identify itself, and be preceded by no sign. The false Messiahs should have their announcers, Jerusalem's downfall should have a long train of premonitions, but his coming should be *unmistakable*; it could speak for itself, and dispense with all advertisements. All the descriptions of that advent describe it as unwarned. It should be as a thief in the night. The moment it announces itself, all preparation is too late. Having premised, with this distinction, our Lord gives a narrative, or draws a picture of the advent, in distinction from the city's downfall.

This one intermediate idea, namely, the distinguishing the coming of the false Christs at the downfall of the city, from his own final coming, is, if we may so say, the bridge, upon which he makes the natural transition from his description of the downfall, to his description of his advent.

Believe not those false heralds, who tell you that the Son of man has *come*—that he is in some secret spot; for his *real coming* will be like the flashing of lightning through the sky, from the far east to the far west. On the old worn-out earth he and his angels shall rush, like the eagles pouncing on a carcass. "*Immediately*," suddenly, "after the tribulation of those" last days of doom—"immediately" after the last contest on this decayed and dying earth, shall its great destroyer and renovator appear; for commentators ought to have recognized, that, as the age and subject in which our Lord is here engaged are far, very far different and distant from the time of Jerusalem's downfall, so the "*tribulation*" and the "*those days*" here mentioned, are far different from those specified in a former paragraph. Let us make evident this important point.

In assuming that a last "*tribulation*" was to precede his advent, our Savior presupposed his hearers to be perfectly aware that such was the established doctrine among the Jews. When Israel is at the last extremity, then shall Messiah come, was, and still is, a prime article of Jewish theology. It is, also, the doctrine of the New Testament. In the twentieth chapter of Revelation we are told, that, just preceding the judgment, at the close of the millennium, Satan, released from prison, should

rally his hosts, and drive the saints to the last extremity. In the third chapter of second Peter we are told, that, in "the last days," (just the "*days*" our Lord here specifies,) "scoffers shall come," implying that, through the ages of the preceding millennium, scoffers had ceased. Our Lord himself intimates, (Luke xviii, 8,) that, at his coming, he should find but little true faith on earth. It is *immediately* after the tribulation of *those days*, then, that our Lord appears.

The word here rendered tribulation is thrice used in this discourse, and in each instance applied to a different subject. In the first instance (Matt. xxv, 9) it designates the persecutions inflicted by the Jews upon the apostles. In the second instance (verse 21) it designates the troubles inflicted by God on the Jews. And, in this third instance, we presume it means the last agony preceding the advent.

To the phrase "*those days*," as used in this paragraph, we need only apply the rule, that words must be so interpreted, as to apply to the subject immediately in hand. We apply the phrase "*those days*," in Mark xiii, 17, to the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, because the destruction of Jerusalem is the immediate subject; and we apply the "*those days*" of this paragraph to the period of the second advent, because it is the period of the second advent, as appears by the previous context, which is the immediate subject. If any doubt remains on this point, let it be remembered, that this was a spoken discourse, of which, certainly, some, and, probably, all the sketches reported are incomplete. Much, also, in uttered discourse, is indicated by gesture and emphasis. If any one will read this passage with a strong emphasis, he will convey the very meaning we ascribe. It will convey the very purpose of our Lord, namely, to distinguish "*those days*" in which Jerusalem shall fall, from "*those days*" in which the world shall "end."

We have space but for brief answers for those who interpret this chapter figuratively, because, forsooth, somewhat similar passages occur in the Old Testament prophets, which are clearly poetic and figurative. 1. It is unnecessary; for it is plain, from the context, and from the question of the disciples, which it answers, that the literal advent is the subject. In all simplicity, they ask for information in regard to his coming, and he is made, by these interpreters, to confuse the whole with figure. The disciples ask for light, and he gives them fog! 2. This is narrative, and not poetry. The subject is indeed lofty; the usual brief similes of prose appear, but the objects, natural or supernatural, are designated by their own names. Such is the fact through the whole of this discourse, and it is unnatural to suppose that this one passage mounts up at once into the region of allegory. 3. The parallel passages are indeed figurative; but where, if not here, shall we find, in the whole Bible, the literal basis upon which that figure is

founded? If the Old Testament passages are figure, and this is figure, then there is plenty of figurative judgment, but a wondrous scarcity of literal. If this passage is to be figurative, there is no passage which is not as apparently so; and thus the judgment day is *figured* out of the Bible, and Universalism is true!

Our Lord has given two pictures in contrast—the former of the city's downfall, the latter of the second advent. Both are now complete. But there remain the two corresponding practical applications—a brief one drawn from the narrative of the downfall, an extended drawn from the narrative of the advent. These are given in the next two paragraphs.

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PARAGRAPH IV.

And when *THESE THINGS* begin. Our Lord professedly now goes back to the beginning. Of what? Plainly to the beginning of his whole discourse—of the first narrative. For, 1. It is the beginning of the very thing asked in their first question, namely, of *THESE THINGS*. And to demonstrate the precise significancy of this phrase, it is thrice used, in this brief paragraph, in relation to the same thing, and that thing, undeniably, the city's downfall. 2. The events here treated are not, like the advent, sudden and unwarned, but they are to be foretold by their forerunners, as the summer is foretold by the blossoming of the fig-tree. It cannot, therefore, be the advent, but must be the downfall. 3. This is all placed beyond doubt by the concluding specification of time—*this generation shall not pass until ALL THESE THINGS be fulfilled*. What "*all these things*?" Plainly the very "*these things*" mentioned in their first question; which were not the second advent, nor the dispersion of the Jews until the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled, but the very things mentioned by our Lord previous to their question—the *demolition of the city and temple*.

So simply clear, by our interpretation, is the explanation of this last most celebrated limitation of time to "*this generation*." Upon this passage how much skepticism, heresy, and false criticism, have been founded! And yet, by properly marking the transition, this passage, and this whole discourse, are beautifully clear. This very declaration, that "*this generation shall not pass until all these things be fulfilled*," is placed by our Lord in intentional contrast with that denial of all knowable time in regard to the second advent, which is immediately, as we shall see, subjoined: "*Of that day and that hour knoweth no man*," &c. Man might predict by omens the time of the downfall; God alone will ever foreknow the period of the advent.

This paragraph was both directive and consoling. It not only admonished the disciples to watch the omens and escape, but it assured them that their own generation should behold their redemption from the Jewish persecutions he had so graphically described, and should behold the last vestige of the Jewish Church-state disappear, and "*the kingdom of God*," the Gospel dispensation, occupy its vacant

position. The subject of the downfall is thus finally dismissed.

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PARAGRAPH V.

Heaven and earth, as he had described, were to pass away at his coming; but the day and hour when that great event should transpire God alone could know. He illustrates this one principle—the unknowable time of the advent—with several parables. Of course these parables are lessons for all men of all ages—"What I say unto you, I say unto all." However distant *physically*, we should hold the judgment nigh *conceptually*; for in regard to that great event, though thousands of years distant, measured by the scale of eternity and God, it is nigh. Whether it be our individual destiny to go to that judgment through the gates of death, or through the "*change in the twinkling of an eye*," it equally behooves us to watch. Our vigilance will never be lost labor. With this paragraph he dismisses their second question, which regarded his *coming*.

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PARAGRAPH VI.

"The end of the world" is the subject of the last question, to which the last paragraph furnishes the answer. And the word translated *world* is not *κοσμος*, the physical mundane system, nor *γη*, the earth, but *αιων*, the human responsible world, the probationary system of which the last judgment and retribution is the *end*; and, accordingly, he describes that final process as the very "*end of the world* designated in their third inquiry. The advent is simply the preparatory *coming* of Christ, and this was the subject of their second question; the judgment is not the identical, but the consequent of the advent; and this, namely, the judgment, is the subject of the narrative with which our Lord answers their third question, and so closes the discourse. He describes the arraignment of the trembling nations, their separation, their sentence, and final consignment to their eternal abodes—and this is the end of the world. We shall close with two reflections.

I. Notwithstanding the strange perplexities, the unnatural allegory, and the double meanings of commentators, how lucid, how prosaic, how straight-forward, how true to history is this discourse! The plan is systematic, the transitions marked, and not more frequent nor irregular than a comparison between two or three subjects fairly requires. They ask three questions, namely, concerning the downfall, the advent, and the end; our Lord answers with three narratives of the downfall, the advent, and the end; and between the narratives and the advent, and the end, he inserts two practical admonitions, the one touching the downfall, and the other touching the advent. This is certainly not very complex. Or, to state it differently, the discourse gives first a *narrative* of the downfall, and then of the advent; it next gives cautions in regard to the downfall and to the advent; and it lastly gives a narrative of the end.

The following sketch, or skeleton, may show that this discourse is far more methodical than most modern sermons:

1. The *THREE* questions proposed.
2. The *answer* to the *FIRST* question.
3. The *answer* to the *SECOND*.
4. Practical remarks on the first answer.
5. Do. do. on the second.
6. Answer to the *THIRD* question.

II. How unsustained are the skepticisms and heresies that base themselves on this discourse! Gibbon, for instance, quotes this passage as identifying the advent with the destruction of Jerusalem, and sneers with genuine effect at the interpreters who escape through metaphor and *double entendres*. Availing itself of the allegorical interpretation, Universalism maintains that there is no other judgment than the destruction of Jerusalem; and surely, if orthodoxy cannot maintain a universal judgment in this passage, it may as well, in every other case, surrender. An Antinomian perfectionism has founded on this discourse the doctrine that the judgment is past—that we are now in eternity—that probation is closed, and the law abolished. Of so many evils may one instance of false interpretation be the parent. To all such evils the writer of this article believes that the exposition here presented, if clearly understood, would be a decisive antidote.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

FROM A FEMALE CORRESPONDENT.

SIR,—Having become a little settled, after my recent and long voyage across the Atlantic, I have remembered my promise to send you something from this side of the water which might be interesting to your readers. I do not know that I can better accomplish this than by relating a little story that was told us one evening, on board the ship, by the first mate. He was a man of much intelligence, having traveled a great deal, and observed the world with a keen eye, and rare judgment. One evening when the rolling of the vessel precluded the usual walk upon deck, the passengers, with the captain and mate, assembled in the cabin, and agreed each to relate some striking incident that had occurred under his or her observation. The mate was the first to begin, and we settled ourselves to listen attentively to his narrative.

"Two years ago," said he, "I was mate of the packet-ship —, sailing between New York and Liverpool. It was at the time that the famine in Ireland was at its height; and our ship, like so many others which went out from America, was stored with a large quantity of provisions, to be landed on the Irish coast. We started on our voyage with a fair wind, and a cabin full of passengers; but, singularly enough, there were no ladies among them. Neither did I notice any females in the crowd of men who had taken their berths in the steerage.

We had been three days at sea, when the captain, showing me his list of passengers, pointed to the name of Mary Connelly put down as a steerage passenger, and asked me if I had seen her. I told him that I was pretty sure there was no female on board, but, as it was the second mate's office to attend to the steerage passengers, I might be mistaken, and would see about it. Accordingly, when my watch was over, I descended the steep steps which led into the uncomfortable quarters of the greater portion of the passengers. It was quite dark, and I lighted the lantern to enable me to look around better. About thirty men, all sea-sick, were lying about on the floor and benches, while at one side sat half-a-dozen Germans smoking their pipes, playing cards, and swearing prodigiously. I was about to turn back, feeling sure that no woman could be alone among that crew; but, just as I turned, a short, dry cough, coming from the farther end of the steerage, sounded upon my ear. I walked to the spot, and, raising the lantern, saw lying before me in the berth, a woman of about twenty-five years of age, with very bright, black eyes, and features which, doubtless, were once beautiful, but which were now pale, and sharpened by disease; for, alas! there was no mistaking that cough, and the crimson flush upon her cheeks. On seeing me, she colored deeply, and closed her eyes. I asked gently if her name was Mary Connelly. She replied, in a low tone of voice, that it was.

"Are you sick, Mary," I asked.

"Another painful cough was my answer.

"Are you married? Have you any relatives or friends on board?"

"I am a widow, and alone on board this ship," she replied; and then seeing me about to express my surprise, she quickly added, 'Do not ask me now why I am here. I knew I should be the only female on board, but I had to come.'

"Why do you not try and go upon deck?" I asked; 'you would feel better there.'

"I cannot go alone," she replied, 'and I will not ask the assistance of any of these men.'

"I will take you up," I said; 'the sun is shining brightly above; and the air must be stifling to you here.'

She accepted my offer, and tried to raise herself from the berth; but her strength failed her. I put my arm around her; she was a tall woman, and yet, so reduced had she become by sickness, that I carried her upon deck as easily as if she had been an infant. The captain was much surprised to see her, and, after awhile, drew from her the particulars of her history.

"Two years before, she had run away from Ireland and her mother, and crossed the ocean to meet her lover, who had been in America a few months. They were married in New York, and lived there the first year very happily; but after that, James took to drink, and soon treated his wife very badly. She now began to think of her mother, whom she had left alone in her old age;

and the accounts she heard of the scarcity of food in Ireland almost drove her crazy.

"To add to these sorrows, her health began to fail; and it was not many months before the physician told her it was beyond his power to do any thing for her. 'The day after he told me this,' said Mary, 'my husband was brought home to me dead, having been run over by a railroad car while he lay drunk on the track. So, you see, all my troubles came at once; and it was to punish me that God sent them to me; for if I had not deserted my poor mother, they never would have happened, I'm sure. Every vessel that came in to New York brought fresh news of the distress in Ireland; and I at last determined to try and go to my mother, and do all I could for her. I had to work hard to get the necessary means to go with; and this made the cough and pain in my chest worse; but at last I had earned what I wanted, and was making my preparations to start, when I met one day in the street a man who had just arrived from my native town. He told me that my mother was starving, and had no one to relieve her. O, how I suffered to hear this!

"I went that moment to the wharf, and asked about the vessels. This one was to sail the next day. I hesitated when I heard there were no females going in her; but my mother's image arose before me, and as no other vessel was to sail for a week, I could not lose this opportunity, and I took my passage.'

"This was Mary's story; and the tears she shed while relating it, testified to its truth. But she evidently did not know how ill she was. Day by day we saw her cheek grow paler; and each day, as I carried her on deck, I felt her form grown lighter. Every body on board became interested in her; she was so mild, so patient, and so grateful for the kindness shown her, that it was impossible not to love her. The captain made her take up her quarters in the ladies' cabin, and the stewardess received orders to devote herself to the invalid. When two weeks had passed, and we were still far from land, Mary began to show a nervous anxiety about the wind and weather: still she would always say she was better when she came on deck in the morning, and was only sad when some passing remark reminded her of the errand she was bound upon.

"One bright morning, when we had been three weeks out, I went down, as usual, to get Mary. The stewardess told me she had passed a bad night, and was then asleep; so I ascended to the deck again. It was near noon, when the stewardess appeared before the captain and myself, and begged us to go down and look at Mary. We immediately hastened to the cabin. Mary lay in her berth, one thin white hand supporting her head, while the other clasped a small Bible, which was pressed to her heart. On each pale cheek glistened a large tear, and they were all that gave token that a struggle had taken place. At one glance we saw that she was dead.

"The stewardess said that she coughed a great deal during the night, and was exceedingly restless, often, she thought, delirious; for she would call for her mother, begging her to forgive her and love her again. She must have died very quietly; for never did I see so calm an expression as rested upon her face.

"The event created great emotion on board, and many an eye grew moist when the tale was told. The next day we buried her in the ocean. It was a solemn scene, and one which I shall never forget. It was a lovely day; the sky hung bright and blue above, while the sea lay bluer and almost as calm below. Not a breath of wind disturbed the sails, which flapped lazily against the masts. The flag was drawn up at half mast, and the sailors and passengers stood silently round the bench whereon lay the body they were about to consign to the deep. The captain read the burial service in a solemn tone, though his emotion often made his voice inaudible. The last amen was uttered, one last look given to Mary's poor face, and then the canvas, with its weights, was sewed around her—a moment more, and, with a deep splash, the ocean received all that was left of Mary Connelly!

"On examining her one small trunk, twenty-five dollars in silver was found, which seemed all that the poor woman had possessed. Her mother's address was also found, which I carefully preserved; and after our arrival in Liverpool, having a few days to myself, I determined to go and find her. So, taking with me Mary's luggage and money, I started, and arrived, without accident, at the village indicated in the address. It was situated about thirty miles from Cork; and, certainly, if my heart ever ached, it was when I witnessed the wretchedness of those poor villagers—wretchedness for which there was no relief.

"I inquired for Mary's mother, and a little girl, so wasted by want that she tottered in her walk, offered to conduct me to the place. I accepted the offer, but first bought a small loaf of bread for the child, which she ravenously devoured. I found Mary's mother in a state of poverty, of which I never before had any conception. The shed in which she lived was so open that every wind of heaven entered at some crack or other, and the mud floor was rooted up in several places by the pigs, which disputed the miserable shelter with the old woman. She lay on some damp, coarse straw, and was so nearly starved to death, that her bones were literally through the skin in more than one place. I spoke to her, but she did not seem to hear me. Her eyes, however, glared on me savagely for a moment, as she stretched forth her hand; for she was too far gone to speak. I named her daughter. One last ray of human nature was left; for her eyes assumed a softer expression, and her lips moved with an effort to speak. I dispatched my little guide with some money to buy a bottle of wine; but before she returned, the wretched object of my compassion breathed her last. Mary's repentance

and my relief had come too late; and all that remained now was to have the old woman decently buried. I attended to this personally, and staid two days in the village; and I am happy to say, that, before I left it, I brought a smile of joy to more than one sad face."

THE ANGEL VISITANT.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

SHE came when darkness o'er the earth was reigning,

And Silence spread her gloomy pall around—
Came when my lonely lamp was slowly waning,
And I had dropp'd my pen in thought profound.

She sat beside me! Busy recollection
Strove to recall the semblance of that brow:
It was the one upon whom fond Affection
Had showered her burning tears long, long ago.

I did not see her with the natural vision;
But 'twas the soul's deep eye beheld her here:
She seemed all radiant from the clime elysian,
Where bliss is never followed by a tear.

Upon that brow was something far more holy
Than it was wont to wear while here on earth;
And she had now exchanged her garb so lowly
For one befitting her exalted birth.

How well I recollected the bright gleaming
Of ringlets I had seen in beauty wave!
Well I remembered, too, the dark eyes beaming,
Which lost their lustre in an early grave.

But she had drank of that pure stream supernal
Which rises in a land more glorious, fair,
And gazed upon the throne of the Eternal,
Until she seemed no more the child of care.

She seemed not as the one whose step of gladness
Was poised awhile on this dark earth of ours;
She seemed not as the one who shared my sadness,
And wandered with me mid the vernal flowers;

Not as the one who traced with me the wending
Of that bright stream which sparkles o'er the green,

Or watched with me the solemn moon ascending
To reign amid the stars unrivaled queen;

Not as the one who, at the hour of vesper,
Knelt at my side with eyelids deeply sealed,
To list with me the low and mystic whispers
Of the *Unseen*, who then his love revealed.

And yet I knew her by that sacred token
Of love undying in her soul-lit eyes,
Which told me early ties were still unbroken,
And quite cemented only in the skies.

To my shut senses earthly care soon stealing,
Seemed in harsh terms to chide my long delay—
A task forgotten to my thought revealing—
My angel visitant had fled away.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY MATIN.

FAINTLY gleaming from the eastward,
Morning's herald streaks appear,
Stretching out unto the westward,
Thwart the star-decked azure sphere.

But, as still our watch we lengthen,
Star by star they fade away;
And the herald streaks still strengthen,
Shining with increasing sway,

Till around us now is flowing
Full and free the liquid blaze,
And all nature now is glowing
With the golden-colored rays.

Writers old, of classic story,
Tell of fabled gods, whose might
Ushered in the morning's glory,
And enshrouded earth with night.

But a brighter dispensation
Hath the glorious truth revealed,
By whose strong illumination
Moral darkness is dispelled—

Teaching that the God whose power
Countless worlds from chaos won,
Gave its fragrance to the flower,
And its splendor to the sun.

He it is whose sovereign pleasure
Rules each planet as it flies,
Metes to all the proper measure,
When to set, and when to rise.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

BY CHARLES F. COLERICK.

THAT old oak tree stood many a day
Before our humble cot;
And oft my heart in fullness prayed,
That man might harm it not.

Its giant limbs o'erspread the place
Where first to me was given
The blessings of a mother dear,
Who now rests calm in heaven.

And oft, when tired of childish play—
When all was mirth and glee,
I'd lay me down beneath its shade,
And bless that dear old tree.

My father, too, beneath its shade,
When evening called him home,
Would bring us round him, while he prayed
To the God that blest our dome.

But now how changed that happy spot,
The dearest on earth to me;
For the hand of man, tho' I bade him not,
Has felled that good old tree!

FAMILIAR LETTERS.

NUMBER II.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

DEAR —, how much I wish you were with me to-day—you who can enjoy nature in all her various forms, tracing in each the goodness and power of Him who formed them!

Spring seems to have taken the place of winter. The trees that grow by the brook-side begin to put forth new buds, and here and there you may find a violet stealing modestly through the grass, already green as that of April—the birds are singing as merrily as if the “clustering leaves of June” were around them, and the daffodils in our ample garden are springing upward, lured by the wayward smiles of a winter sun. How different is nature in the country from nature in the town! Different, indeed! The very flowers spring up, and hold themselves upon their slender stalks with queenly dignity, as if they felt their independence, and rejoiced in their freedom, the vines clamber unfettered and untrained in luxuriant beauty, and the trees tower as if they strove to pierce the blue above them. The country maiden trips lightly along the mountain paths, while the joyous song, or thrilling laugh, tells “how lightly sits her bosom’s lord.” I can see you, my friend, nursing your pale and drooping flowers, placing them in the warm sunshine that steals only in unsteady gleams through your windows. How sadly they seem to look up to you for succor, and ask for the refreshing shower and balmy sunshine! I have often thought, foolishly, perhaps, that, if I had never known any life but that of a city, with its cloud-covered skies, its stunted trees, and sickly flowers, I should have had a different idea of the supreme Ruler from that which now fills my heart, and makes it overflow with gratitude. As it is, I stand beneath a glorious canopy, studded with innumerable gems—the “blossoms from the tree of life” scattered with a lavish hand along the boundless blue—the free breeze flits by, its wild, sweet music unbroken; and the glad streamlet leaps onward, and, as it passes, makes a sad, yet pleasing melody among the moss-clad pebbles. In the morning the unfettered sunlight falls, in a full, broad stream, on hill and valley, while the birds sing for very gladness, that existence has been bestowed—all nature, animate and inanimate, rejoices, and insensibly the human heart is led through “nature up to nature’s God.”

For the last five weeks I have been watching by the bedside of one of the most interesting children I have ever known—a little boy of four years. You will think, perhaps, that a sick child of such a tender age could have but little to interest one whose visions and fancies partake so much of the ideal. Not so, dear —; I am truly grateful that so much of earth and the woman is left in my heart still—that I can “laugh with those who laugh, and weep

with those who weep.” My little friend was the son of Mr. M., of this village—a child of uncommon intellect, and a pet and favorite with all who knew him. An incipient disease of the brain had been stealing upon our little friend like an unsuspected foe; and when discovered, it was met with all the skill and watchfulness of a judicious physician, and the untiring affection of parents whose greatest fault was that of idolizing their child—of cherishing too fondly, perhaps, the fair casket which enshrined a gem intended for the Savior’s crown. I shall never forget the enduring love and faithfulness of that mother, nor the soothing attention and *woman-like* care of the father. I say *woman-like*, for few men know how to be so beside a sick-bed. How patient was that little sufferer! Though enduring excruciating pain, no murmur escaped his lips—no frown settled on his brow; and I often thought, as I sat beside him, that there the fretful and impatient might learn a lesson. For three weeks speech was denied him; but the clear light of intellect still shone undimmed in the dark, earnest eyes, and his glance still followed the loved ones as they moved silently and sadly about the room. To me the idea has ceased to be gloomy; for my spirit overleaps the grave, and sits down among the stainless bowers of Eden; and, but for my sympathy with the afflicted family, my imagination would have constantly beheld this cherished earth-flower transplanted to the fadeless gardens of our God.

In the lonely watches of the night I had ample time for reflection; and strange thoughts and fancies stole into my heart. I thought of the dear ones I had lost, who slept sweetly among the clods of the valley—whose spirits reposed in the bosom of our Father. I thought of the messages from the living to the dead, not uncommon in the Highlands. It is said that the “Gael have such a ceaseless consciousness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as only absent for a time, and are permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affections.” How much better to feel thus, than to feel, as we too often do, that we are parted for ever!

Almost unconsciously I laid my head on the pillow of the sick child, when life was ebbing fast away, and whispered those sweet words of Mrs. Hemans:

“And tell our white-haired father
That in the paths he trode,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks, and worships God!
Say that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.
And tell our gentle mother
That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore.”

My heart leaped gladly in my bosom as I thought that the fair child before me, worn and wasted with disease, would soon be clad in the glorious robes of

immortality, and sit down among the loved and cherished ones lost to me for a brief season.

The dear one passed away as calmly as an infant to its slumber; and as I closed the dark-fringed lid, the words of a dear friend came to my memory. He was a man whose affections were all in heaven; and as he stood by the yawning grave of his child, he exclaimed, "Farewell, Claudius, till the morning of the resurrection!" "Till the morning of the resurrection!" How often have those words rang in my ears, while standing by the bedside of a dying friend! *There* we are certain of meeting once more.

It is the last night of the year, dear —. The weather has grown winter-like, indeed, and nature seems to mourn the expiring year. The past has been an eventful year. Thrones have fallen, the "powers of the earth have been shaken," and the world seems to be convulsed to its centre. What do these agonizing throes portend? Surely the future is "big with events," for the shadows are mighty. For myself, I look back with sadness. Many hopes are buried with the year, that were bright at its beginning—many resolves have been broken, which I deemed were firm, and ties for ever broken, that I thought could never be dissolved. Poor human nature, how vain is all thy boasted strength! how worse than futile thy reliance upon self! how weak the bulwarks raised by thy trembling hands in the hour of temptation! When wilt thou learn that in God alone is thy refuge—in the Redeemer is all thy strength?

The night wanes. Through the eastern window of my chamber the "bright bands of Orion" are softly beaming. The three which form the glorious belt of the hero, have always had a peculiar charm for my heart—they are called, by the Spaniards, "the three Marys." Do you remember, my friend, some verses of mine addressed to those three stars, about two years ago? Then three Marys were enshrined within my heart's core. Two have departed—one, the dearest of all earthly friends, my mother, is at rest; and the starlight of my soul is darkened until we meet again: the other has gone in the spring-tide of youth. Beauty, love, and hope were hers in an eminent degree; but, turning away from the cup of life, ere any of its bitterness had been tasted, she sought a rest beside the "river that maketh glad the city of our God."

But one of the three Marys is left to me now; but those in that bright constellation shine on as sweetly as ever, whispering to my heart of the vanity of all earthly affection. My heart is sad, dear friend; and the last moment of forty-eight has rolled into the fathomless abyss of time, and is buried in the tomb of ages: so, for a time, good-bye!

REDEMPTION is the most glorious theme of the loftiest intellects of the universe—of the mental powers of the sons of light themselves.

THE USES OF LITERATURE.

BY OTWAY CURRY, ESQ.

It is said by an old writer, that "learning, like a fitful stream, hath, from the first, swept deviously adown the rugged ages; sometimes idly and wastefully creeping through long-drawn tracts of sterility; sometimes widening, and deepening, and flowing, like a great wave of gladdening sunshine; anon obscured and hidden, like as by shadows of the deepest night—but yet again emerging, and so remaining as never to be wholly lost, and yielding withal much help and much delight to man." Making the abatement due here, by reason of the style being a little too ornate, and the conceit a little to fanciful, still the figure is a pleasant one. Standing, as it were, upon the ideal eminence of the present, and looking to the past, the multitudinous ages may well seem like the changing features of an interminably outstretching and receding landscape. And so, also, may the progress of learning seem like the moving waters of a perpetual stream. Away back at the furthest reach of vision, we can but dimly trace its track. Even in the twilight of time, however, its now-deserted shores were marked with monuments, which are still standing in their lonely grandeur. At distant intervals the stream grew bold and fair. At midway of its course it seemed to be fated to disappear for ever. But now, amidst these years, it has become vast in its dimensions, and most stately in its flow.

The best part of the quoted passage is that in which the stream of literature is said to be "yielding much help and much delight to man." That is the statement of a great truth. Literature, in its broad sense, is learning. The works of art, of every age and clime, were the results of the exertion of physical force, which force was exerted under the influence and control of mind. And in this exertion of influence learning was to mind its light and its instrument. Compare, then, civilized man, when in the full enjoyment of the productions of the art, with man in a state of nature, and it is palpable that if the condition of the former is better than that of the latter, by very nearly so much is he helped or benefited by literature. In this view of the case, the mere physical help and enjoyment yielded by literature swells up to an incalculable amount. And it is this view which should especially be commended to certain plodding and near-sighted practicalists and utilitarians, who are accustomed to speak of literature as being a fantastic and useless thing. Were literature and its results all things unknown to earth, these practicalists would of necessity be engaged, to-day, in the dreary avocations of savage life. Most probably the wilderness would be their home. Their daily walks would be amidst the lairs of beasts of prey. The busy marts of commerce, the smiling fields of agriculture, and the teeming wonders of mechanism would all be things undreamed of.

By literature, then, it has been brought to pass that men may live in the possession of all the comforts, ornaments, and luxuries of a high state of civilization. But this is not all. It has been well declared, that among the natural and inalienable rights of man are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In every age and every country ambitious men have been found, who have been willing to raise themselves to power and sway, by means of the destruction of these inalienable rights of the masses. And such men have been very generally successful. The few have been masters of the many. And why? Not because the few have been corporeally stronger than the many, but because they had master minds. Learning had given them governmental insight, and diplomatic strategy, by use of which they enslaved the minds of men; and then it became a comparatively easy task to enslave their bodies. It may be said, perhaps, that these are facts derogatory to learning. Not so. Such evils result by reason of the ignorance of the masses. For example, a learned and cunning tyrant seeks to enslave a nation. He carefully and skillfully devises means and measures. He calls to his assistance a chosen number, who are skillful and wicked like himself, and who are willing to become his instruments if they may share his triumphs. They operate upon the great mass of uninformed mind, until gradually his measures produce their desired fruits, and his object is accomplished. But if the knowledge possessed by the tyrant were possessed by all, his plans would be rightly understood, his purposes detected, and himself hurled down to shame and infamy. A universally enlightened people could not, as such, be enslaved—could not be defrauded of their rights. True it is that a universally and equally enlightened nation never did, and never will exist. A greater or less number will always, of necessity, remain comparatively ignorant; and, until the spirit of Christianity shall become all-pervading, the war of might against right must continue. Still, however, learning may be greatly diffused, and its diffusion will tend to capacitate the masses to preserve inviolate their natural and inalienable rights.

It is the province of literature to furnish to the mind useful and delightful material for its great business of thinking; and by the use of this material, the mind is almost invariably refined, its ruggedness made smooth, and its partial smoothness polished. To the rightly-constituted mind the contemplation of the beautiful—abstractly speaking—produces delight; but without the aid of literature the elements of beauty, with which the universe is rife, are seen in a comparatively disjointed and chaotic state. The useful and the practical—in the good homely sense of those terms—ought never to be overlooked. By the literary mind they are not overlooked, but they stand perpetually interlinked with groupings of the beautiful. The elements of religion, as a practical thing, are faith, love, and holiness. So it is found in the experience

of every true Christian. Viewed in the light of literature, these distinguishing characteristics lose nothing of their prominence, but forms of the eternally true, sublime, and lovely are so superadded that religion becomes a thing of ineffable beauty. Such it may be in this life; and still more and more will its beauties become manifest throughout eternal ages.

This subject might be further pursued with profit. Perhaps it may be further pursued at a future time. Summing up, now, it is claimed to have been shown, in this brief sketch, that it is the tendency of literature to yield to man much benefit and much enjoyment, not only in this world, but in the world to come. Such are its uses. May its diffusion be speedy and unlimited!

THE UNDISCOVERED MINE.

BY A. HILL.

BROTHER, within thy breast,
Conceal'd from mortal eye,
Thou hast a mine at rest,
Which idly now doth lie.
Go dig—and 'neath the rubbish there,
Bright gems shall on thy vision glare.

The wealth it may reveal
Is matchless, 'tis agreed;
The gems it may conceal
Are wonderful, indeed.
Go work—and like the stars of night,
They'll sparkle on thy ravished sight.

Thine eyes did ne'er behold
Such hidden wealth before;
More durable than gold,
It lasts for evermore.
Be quick, the earnest search to make—
Stretch forth thy hand, and then partake.

No ray of liquid light
Can with these gems compare,
So beautiful and bright—
So exquisitely rare.
Go seek, and thou shalt surely find
The treasures of a priceless mind.

Shame on thee! while content
In ignorance to lie!
Awake! arise! repent!
Go plume thy wings and fly!
Stand up! thy trailing pinions raise,
And soar, the remnant of thy days.

ETERNITY.

THE idols of my heart are crush'd,
And God hath claim'd the shrine:
Go, sing of earth, if earth be yours:
Eternity is mine!

A MOONLIGHT VISIT.*

BY REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

IN the February number of the Repository, in the close of my "Moonlight Visit" to the burial-ground, I promised your readers some brief reminiscences of my first presiding elder, the late Rev. William B. Christie. It is with pleasure I now sit down to redeem my promise. But before I proceed to the pleasing task, I wish to refer once more to my delightful visit by moonlight to the quiet resting-place of the dead.

"Look into heaven:
The still and solemn stars are burning there,
Like altars lighted in the upper air,
And to the worship of the great God given,
Where the pure spirits of the unsinning dead,
Reclaimed from earth and sanctified, might shed
The holiness of prayer."

A walk in the grave-yard by moonlight—how replete with moral lessons to the thoughtful mind! In communing with the departed, how the past, with its sunlight and shade, rushes upon the mind! To me it was a vesper hour of unalloyed pleasure never to be forgotten. What a place for holy thought and fervent prayer!

"O, turn ye, then,
And bend the knee of worship; and the eyes
Of the pure stars shall smile, with glad surprise,
At the deep reverence of the sons of man!
Ay, kneel in worship till the stars grow dim,
And the skies vanish at the thought of Him,
Whose light beyond them lies."

Since I commenced these sketches, I have been kindly furnished, by a young lady, with the following beautiful and descriptive lines of "Moonlight on the Grave," by Jane T. Lomax, of Fredericksburg, Va., which will, no doubt, be read with interest and pleasure:

"It shineth on the quiet graves,
Where weary ones have gone;
It watcheth, with angelic gaze,
Where the dead are left alone.
And not a sound of busy life
To the still grave-yard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie,
Down in their silent homes.
All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round;
And every grave-stone hath its trace,
In darkness, on the ground.
It looketh on the tiny mound,
Where a little child is laid;
And it lighteth up the marble pile
Which human pride hath made.
It falleth, with unaltered ray,
On the simple and the stern;
And showeth, with a solemn light,
The sorrows we must learn.
It telleth of divided ties
On which its beams have shone;
It whispereth of heavy hearts,
Which, 'brokenly, live on.'
It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side;

It falleth, where the maiden rests,
Who in her beauty died,
There is no grave in all the earth,
That moonlight hath not seen;
It gazeth, cold and passionless,
Where agony hath been.
Yet it is well that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours forth the tide
Of unavailing woe:
It teacheth us, no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky—
That all our sorrow liveth here—
The glory is on high!"

While a resident of the town of Ripley, some fifty miles distant from this city, I remember that several young gentlemen, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, resolved on getting up what is technically called a "Union Tent," and attend the approaching annual camp meeting, on what was then called Straight Creek circuit. I was one of the number who composed that "Union Tent" association; and on Saturday, the time fixed upon for the commencement of the meeting, we set off, early in the morning, for the encampment. The campground was beautifully located in a dense forest, a few miles northwest of the town of Russellville, on the waters of Straight creek. The morning was cool and pleasant, and we soon reached the place of our destination. On our arrival at the grove, we found that the morning service had commenced, and the Rev. Burroughs Westlake, who has since gone home to his reward, was preaching powerfully, in his peculiar style, from these words, "Is there no balm in Gilead, and is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" While the minister in the pulpit progressed with his sermon, the area in front of the stand, and the outer circle in the rear of the tents, presented a scene of noise and commotion, alike annoying to the speaker and listener. The most intense excitement prevailed throughout the entire encampment. Yet no one attached blame to the occupants of the tents, or new settlers, who were pouring in from every point of the compass. All were united in the opinion, that they were excusable, under the circumstances, for doing what, at any other time, might have been considered a violation of the rules of the encampment, and, also, a flagrant breach of decorum. The face of the whole heavens was overspread with thick clouds, in consequence of which, all not engaged in worship at the stand, were either busily engaged in fixing the roofs of their newly-erected "log-cabins," tightening the cords of their new "linen tents," or engaged in the removal of their furniture and provisions from the wagons. Every one was busy in making the best possible preparations to protect himself and family from the threatened deluge.

In company with my youthful companions, I was engaged in assisting to erect the "Union Tent" on a corner lot, only a few rods distant, on the left hand side of the preachers' stand. When brother Westlake closed his remarks, an unusual anxiety was

* Continued from page 47.

depicted in every countenance, and many hearts were sunk in despondency and sadness. We were all of the opinion, that it was now quite certain that the services of the meeting would be seriously interrupted and retarded, if not entirely broken off, by the coming storm. How terrific a storm in the wild-wood! How alarming to the weak and timorous! I have never witnessed a heavy rain or thunder-storm in the tented grove without deep emotion and feelings of awe and reverence. I have often been reminded of the beautiful and descriptive lines of Montgomery:

"A thunder-storm! the eloquence of Heaven!
When every cloud is from its slumber driven!
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown!
With what a gloom the ushering scene appears!
The leaves all fluttering with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervor round creation spread,
And last the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops spattering on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the lowering sky deform—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!"

At this moment, when an oppressive silence reigned throughout the encampment, one was seen coming out from the preachers' tent, in the rear of the pulpit, and to ascend the stand to close the services of the hour. His voice was low but sweet and melodious; and as he proceeded to line out Cowper's beautiful and well-known hymn, commencing,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm,"

all eyes were riveted upon the stranger. With the reading and singing of each verse of that appropriate hymn, the devotional feeling increased, until the tear of joy sparkled in many an eye, while the hearty "amen," as it fell warm from the lips of the matured Christian, gave additional interest to the scene.

At the close of the singing, the little assembly all kneeled in prayer, while the voice of the stranger was lifted to address the throne of grace. At first the faint whispers of his voice were scarcely audible, in consequence of the excitement on the ground, which was greatly increased every moment by new arrivals, and in making preparations for a "rainy day." But, as he "continued in prayer," and breathed out the desires of a burdened heart in a soft and subdued tone of voice, a deep, solemn, and awful stillness fell upon the entire campground. And he had not prayed long, until all within the area of tents, and in the rear of them, and on all sides of the ground, fell upon the knees, or assumed a devotional posture. It was but a short time, until the sharp crack of the wagoner's whip, as he approached the ground, and the sound of the woodman's axe in the surrounding grove, had died away. Not a voice, or even the sound of a solitary footfall upon the withered leaves of the forest, disturbed the stillness of the hour. The

whole scene conspired to remind me of the language of the Hebrew prophet: "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place thou standest on is holy ground."

Never, until that day, had I known the full efficacy of the power of prayer; and never before had I witnessed such a striking and remarkable answer to prayer as on that occasion. The stranger was now conversing with "God face to face," as a man with his friend. He was indeed in "audience with the Deity," and pleaded with his Maker with such fervor, eloquence, and power, as I had never heard before. I thought of wrestling Jacob, when the angel said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go unless thou bless me"—of Moses, who pleaded with God for sinful Israel in the wilderness, until God cries out, "Let me alone until all my wrath arise to consume this wicked people." But more particularly was I reminded of the prayer of Elijah, who was a man of like passions with the petitioner, and who pleaded so earnestly with God, that he shut up the heavens, and it rained not for the space of three years and six months.

The stranger, after praying to God for the conversion of sinners, and the success of the meeting, began to plead with the Almighty, if consistent with his will, to "stop up the bottles of heaven," and to give us "fair weather" to worship him in the grove. Never shall I forget the many sublime portions of the sacred Scriptures which were quoted by that holy man as being singularly appropriate. I will only name a few of them—such as: "Behold, God is great; for he maketh small the drops of water: they pour down rain according to the vapor thereof, which the clouds do drop and distill upon man abundantly. For he saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain and to the great rain of his strength. Also, by watering, he weareth the thick cloud: he scattereth his bright cloud. And it is turned round about, so that they may do whatsoever he commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth." He addressed the Almighty as the God of providence—as sending or withholding the rain at his pleasure, as causing it to come for "correction for his land, or for mercy," and as "causing it to rain on one city, and not on another," and as working every thing according to the counsels of his own will, and that snow, and vapor, and stormy wind all fulfilled his word—as a God of terrible majesty,

"Who plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

With such words as these did the petitioner approach nearer and still nearer to the "mercy seat," until the divine glory was revealed, and the prayer of the suppliant for "fair weather" was immediately answered. Hundreds of "living witnesses to this day," will unite their testimony with mine in saying that they fully believe that it was in answer to the "prayer of faith," at that moment, that the rain was withheld from falling on the encampment.

We know that a skeptical philosophy will sneer at this statement, and object to it as being inconsistent with the doctrine of the unchangeableness of God; but facts speak for themselves. The Bible abounds with examples of the efficacy of prayer. "Every one that asketh receiveth." "My brethren," says the eloquent Harris, "in the whole compass of Divinely-appointed means, prayer occupies the highest place, and possesses the mightiest efficacy. And why? It passes by all *secondary* means, and makes its way straight to God: it puts aside every human hand, and goes at once to the arm of God, enters the presence of the Eternal, and makes its appearance at his throne. There it enables the suppliant to take hold of the *strength of God*, and, in a sense, identifies him with *Almighty power*." We do not say that prayer has any inherent efficacy to move God—like every other means, like the food we eat, it derives its efficacy from the sovereign appointment of God—but we do say that prayer is a condition on which it seems good to God to put forth his power.

On the occasion above referred to, God did see that it was good to put forth his arm of almighty power, and to turn aside the storm clouds, and grant the desire of his faithful servant. Before the close of that prayer all in the Divine presence felt of a truth that "the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and that his ear is open unto their cry," and the "effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Before the stranger "left off speaking with God," the bright cerulean was seen through the disparting clouds; and never did a more luminous and cheerful light gladden the ancient host of the people of God in the wilderness than shone out upon the tents of our Israel that afternoon. And the weather continued pleasant until the meeting was over. I will now add, as it respects my own experience or observation, I had never seen it on this wise before. That was a memorable day to hundreds. "And there was no day like that before or after it that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man." At the close of that remarkable prayer, on inquiry, I learned that the name of the stranger was Rev. William B. Christie, of the Ohio annual conference. He was then on his way to take charge of the Wooster district, in the northern part of this state.

It was during the progress of this camp meeting, in the summer of 1832, that I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with brother Christie, and the privilege of hearing him preach for the first time. Rev. H. B. Bascom, D. D., and Rev. James B. Finley, and several others of well-known ability as preachers of the Gospel, were in attendance. Dr. Bascom occupied the pulpit on Sabbath at eleven o'clock, A. M., and preached, with his usual eloquence and power, on the "resurrection of Christ from the dead." We did not have the pleasure of hearing brother Christie until Monday morning at nine o'clock. Notwithstanding many were anxious to return to their homes, yet such was their anxiety

to hear from the stranger, that most of them remained until after the service in the morning. Brother Christie announced as his text the following beautiful words: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as his common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation, also, make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." The sermon, as a whole, was a masterly effort, and produced a powerful effect upon the audience. If, at the commencement of our meeting, we found him, like Elijah, "prevailing with God in prayer," at its close, in the pulpit, he was found to be of "convincing speech," "mighty in the Scriptures," "approved of God and man"—"a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Under that sermon many were "cut to the heart," and powerfully converted to God. At the close of the sermon, an infidel, who had been awakened while sitting on his horse in the rear of the stand on Saturday morning, while brother Christie was pleading so powerfully for "fair weather," came forward, and gave his broken heart to Jesus, and united with the Church, of which he has continued a devoted member unto this day. Brother Finley closed the services of the meeting by singing,

"And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are."

After parting with brother Christie at the Russellville camp meeting, I have no recollection of having seen him again until I entered the traveling connection. Our second meeting was at Bethel, in Clermont county, O., at the time of our first quarterly meeting for White Oak circuit. As a theologian and successful ambassador of Christ, brother Christie had few equals, if any superiors. The pulpit pre-eminently was the theatre of his greatness, and the sufferings and resurrection of Jesus, the themes upon which he delighted to preach. His preaching during the meeting alluded to above, was attended with an uncommon unction, especially his sermon on Sabbath morning. I have never witnessed any thing like it before or since. It had an overwhelming effect upon the greater portion of the audience. A brief description of the scene might be of interest to the reader. After the introductory services were over, which he always conducted in the most solemn and impressive manner, he announced as the text the following beautiful words of St. Peter: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last day." The theme of the discourse was the "resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead," a

subject with which the mind of the speaker was perfectly familiar. Brother Christie was not only rich in figure, fluent in speech, chaste in language, but strong in argument, and mighty in the Scriptures, and surpassed by very few in a critical knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel. And never did I hear him argue with the same clearness, force, and power, as on that occasion. He reasoned for more than one hour and thirty minutes, like a wise master-builder, and did not fail to carry conviction to the understandings of the enchained multitude, who listened, with almost breathless emotion, to the words of wisdom that fell from his lips. Having refuted every infidel objection to the resurrection of Christ, and vanquished all his adversaries, and spoiled them of their armor, rising with the inspiration of his subject, and with a pathos and fervor that could only be imparted by the Holy Ghost, he began to speak of the "inheritance which fadeth not away." The effect upon the audience no pen can adequately portray. The speaker seemed to be caught up, in the spirit, to the third heaven, and was describing, with confidence, what he had "felt and seen." And as he proceeded to speak, in the most soul-stirring and eloquent strains, of the "fadeless inheritance" of the people of God, and the certainty of its bestowment or "revelation at the last day," the effect upon the congregation was salutary and glorious. I was alone with him in the pulpit, brother B., my colleague, and other ministers present, having desired a seat in the altar, that they might be able to hear and see the speaker to better advantage. At this moment, while soaring upward on the wings of faith, and continuing to speak, in "strains as sweet as angels use," of the future glory and riches of the Christian's inheritance, on a sudden, he threw his arms in a circular form above his head, a gesture peculiar to himself, and one that singularly characterized his last dying moments; and then, suiting the action to the words, he stepped upon the seat in the rear of the old-fashioned pulpit, by my side, and pointed upward to heaven, apparently perfectly unconscious of either what he was saying, or the extraordinary influence he was exerting over his audience. The "power of Christ rested upon him," and an unearthly radiance was visible in his countenance. An intelligent hearer in the congregation has frequently told me since, that the whole appearance of brother Christie, at the time he assumed his position on the seat by my side, was not earthly, but *angelic*; and that, with the upward and circular motion of his arms, a rainbow of glory appeared to encircle his head, such as no human language can express. But, soon after this, the sweet strains of the "legate of the skies" were drowned by the cries of the penitent, and the shouts of the "redeemed of the Lord." The ministers in the altar arose from their seats, and embraced each other; after which, some of them sank down prostrate on the floor, and shouted aloud for joy. The congregation was completely overwhelmed with the glory of God. I

had never beheld such a scene of moral grandeur before. The effect was such, that none of us could close the service, either by singing or prayer, or even with the usual apostolical benediction. The ministers of Jesus were clothed with the garments of salvation, and the saints of the Lord shouted aloud for joy, while all united in saying, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!" I think it was more than one hour after the close of the sermon before all the congregation had left the house.

Such, gentle reader, is only a faint outline of a scene of which I was permitted to be an eye-witness; and "when the multitude saw it, they glorified God, which had given such power unto men," while some "were amazed and filled with fear," and returned to their homes saying, "We have seen strange things to-day."

It was during the progress of this quarterly meeting, that I formed an intimate acquaintance with the departed, which was never interrupted, nor broken off, until his death; and I could narrate many pleasing incidents concerning him, would time and room allow of it. I have often seen him close his sermons on his knees in the pulpit. At such times, his fervent appeals to the heart and conscience of sinners were irresistible, and attended with the most glorious results. At a quarterly meeting in Georgetown, O., at the close of one of his powerful argumentative discourses, he fell upon his knees, and began to plead with sinners, in Christ's stead, to become reconciled to God. At the moment he kneeled in prayer, the whole congregation rose up, and voluntarily fell upon their knees, also; and in a few moments a scene, very similar to the one at the laying of the foundation of the second Temple, was presented before our eyes. "Some wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy; so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." But as this article is already much longer than I intended, I will now close by promising to conclude my sketches, for the present, in another number, by giving your readers a brief account of his last hours and triumphant death.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE DOOM OF ALL MANKIND.

EVERY one is doomed to mortality. Human life, it is true, by care and certain precautions, may be greatly prolonged; and an individual may attain, in some instances, to the age of threescore years and ten; but death comes at last. This thought—the thought of the certainty of death—should have its due influence constantly upon our conduct and lives. Here we are to-day—full of hope and life—not a cloud in our horizon, not a doubt in our minds. To-morrow we may be sleeping in our graves. How strange, and yet not more strange than true!

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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MARCH, 1849.—
THE SHOULDER-KNOT.—
CHAPTER VII.

CONFESSIONS OF A WORLDLING.

"WILL you suffer a poor, unworthy brother," said Thomas, rising up in token of his deep humility, "to relate an experience scarcely paralleled in the annals of the world? Much to my confusion do I utter the proof of my own wickedness; but truth and sincerity require it at my hands. You know not what a wretch you have admitted to the hospitality of these walls. As I hear the winds of winter roaring through the forest, I can but feel, that, did you award me my deserts, you would turn me out to wander, as a wild beast, through the darkness and dangers of these boundless woods.

"I am the child of honest parents; was born in the upper ranks of life; received my education under the care of diligent instructors; and obtained a fortune, at the decease of my sainted father, which unsettled my character at the very outset of life.

"Wishing to spend my money, I plunged into the most extravagant excesses, never quitting an indulgence till I had drained it to the dregs. My health soon failed me; my fortune next followed my health; and I was thrown upon a cold world without a virtue, or a friend. Ten years I spent in fruitless regrets over my past crimes; another ten I wandered, like a vagrant, from land to land; and, at the expiration of a third period, of equal duration, which I devoted to a deep-seated bitterness against the order of divine Providence, I entered a convent to mourn over the follies of my youth.

"Here I underwent, by way of penance, excessive fastings, protracted vigils, severe flagellations, and all the modes of self-crucifixion prescribed by the holy order. I stood, like a pillar-saint, for four weeks together, on a chair in my cell, and about half of every day on one foot. Four hours a day, for exactly three months, I stood on my head, supporting my position partly by my hands, and partly by resting my feet against the wall. Seven months I lived without seeing a ray of light, regarding myself too great a sinner to look at heaven's pure beams, and denying myself, as a supererogatory duty, the use of artificial illumination. Food I refused altogether, excepting what nourishment there is in roots; and, to quench my parching thirst, I would stand out in a shower of rain, or a heavy fall of dew, and hold my mouth upward to catch moisture, like a mere base vegetable as I was. If I found my straw pallet too warm and comfortable for such a wretch, I immediately arose, and slept standing against the cold walls, in the corner of my cell, or left the convent altogether, to make my bed on wet leaves, or in a bank of snow. All the clothing I suffered myself to wear, was scarcely what decency demanded; and I made it, also, a settled point always to show such rents in my garments, or filth upon my person, as would be sure to mortify my pride.

"Having become, by the instruction of my teachers, and the discipline of the house, a firm believer in the 'spiritual state,' I longed to be visited by some of those ministering beings, who are sent on errands of mercy to mankind. Many weeks were spent in supplicating the Virgin, to favor me with such a helper, who might aid

me in my struggling out of darkness into light. Again I would make my requests of different saints, Peter, John, and Paul, or of whomsoever I thought, at the moment, took greatest interest in these suits. Going thus through the whole calendar, as well as I understood it, and receiving no answer to my petitions, I became discouraged, and nearly gave up the effort; but, reminding myself, that, through ignorance, I might have omitted some powerful personage in the list, who, if included, would deign to listen more favorably to my wishes, I fell down upon my face, one night, and prayed to all the saints at once, presuming that the hitherto neglected ones would be able to recognize and assert themselves. Nor did I limit them, this time, to sending a friendly spirit—any messenger, I said, whose character and services may be equal to my deserts.

"I rose from my prostrate condition, and, taking a chair, sat down to read. The book I laid hold of was the *Legends of the Saints*. Being exhausted by the previous exercise, added to the wasting habits of my life, I nodded and fell asleep. When I awoke, I found myself sitting in an elegantly-furnished room, by the side of a blazing fire. Looking up in amazement, to discover who or where I was, I saw another person, a perfect fac-simile of myself, sitting in the opposite corner by the fire. When I looked up, he looked up; when my eyes fell to the floor, his fell to the floor likewise; and whatsoever I did, he copied more exactly than I could have repeated it myself. I drew a deep, heavy breath; and he drew a deep, heavy breath, as if it had been the echo of my own. At length I screamed for help; he screamed for help, also, with the same tone and power of voice. I was now stupefied with fear, the cold sweat starting from my face; and he, too, seemed suddenly frozen to his seat, except that a flood of perspiration began to pour down in torrents from his haggard cheeks. I fastened my astonished eyes upon him; he fixed his astonished eyes on me; and there we sat, I know not how long, bending toward each other in motionless horror, as if each was waiting for the other to break the spell, while neither seemed able to stir a muscle. 'O, ye heavens,' I cried, as soon as I could gather strength, 'save me, or I perish!' and fell senseless to the floor. When I came to myself, I was in the cold cell of the convent again, sitting exactly as I did at first; but the *Legends of the Saints* had fallen upon the stone pavement at my feet.

"At another time, I was lying on my cot of straw, in deep distress of body, as I had tasted of neither food nor drink for many days. Hunger was gnawing at my vitals; and I was fevered with a burning thirst. All at once I fell into a strange condition, which it is impossible to describe. Whether it was a dream, a reverie, or a trance, I shall never know. My hunger and thirst exceeded all bounds. There was a stream of deep crystal water flowing near me; and on its hither bank were long tables ranged, loaded with every luxury that heart could wish. I rose up to satisfy my appetite, when a young man, hale, intelligent, and beautiful, but apparently in a frenzy, till then concealed, started from the river's bank, and intercepted my approach. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he began to throw gold coin into the water, until he had utterly emptied them of a vast store of wealth. This done, he turned to the loaded tables, and commenced hurling the loaves and dishes into the river, also, till the boards were entirely cleared. He then sat down to grieve; then roamed like a wild man over the barren fields; then he raised his puny fists, as if making

war upon the overhanging clouds; last of all, he came, all pale and poor, the very image of myself, and took me by the hand. As he looked like a most wretched and fearful thing, I struggled hard to break his grasp; he strove as earnestly to get free from me; but, strange to tell, neither could quit the other, till I swooned again, from which time I never saw him more.

"Not long afterward, however, I was sleeping profoundly in a bank of snow, where I had made my bed as a penance for a then recent sin. A single blanket, above and below, poorly protected my shivering sides and limbs from cold. The winds were howling through the woods, and over my living grave. I dreamed that I died by freezing, being conscious of every step in the progress of this awful death. First my toes and fingers stung, as if burned by fire, and then became comfortable again. Next, my legs underwent the same process, stinging and becoming insensible by degrees. At last my blood grew hot, my vitals seemed to be on fire, till they, too, burnt out and ceased to feel. Last of all, when driven from every other point, the soul clung for a moment with a mortal struggle to the brain; then, giving up one division of it after another, as the fire and frost of death followed on, all was soon lost but that single particle, to which adheres the Love of Life, where the spirit hung tremblingly, but with all its might. No words can tell the strange sensations of the soul thus holding to the last atom of its mortal life. How the faculties, those noble powers, had vanished, as the work of death had steadily progressed! Sensation, perception, and reflection, had passed away. Memory, reason, imagination, were for ever gone. The emotions, love, hope, fear, and all the rest, had disappeared. All was gone but volition and the desire to be. The simple formula—*I will live*—fully expressed all that remained of the glorious and godlike soul; and when the mortal atom to which it clung gave up, the spirit yielded not to death, but quivered an instant on this pivot of its former existence, then, strong in the resolution not to die, passed at once into the immortal state.

"Entering, now, into the spiritual world, I was greatly disappointed in many things. I had expected to leap, at once, into the highest ecstasies of delight; but I found myself a mere child, a spiritual child, just born. My life was to be begun anew. All the powers of my soul immediately returned to me, it is true; but, though mature in the former state, they seemed but childlike, compared with the breadth of this higher sphere. My recollection of past events, in fact, was perfect; for I could not only distinctly recall each passage of my mortal life, but every trace of it seemed to be alive in me in a moment. My reason, too, was cleared of every mist; so that I could collate facts, compare propositions, and draw conclusions, with a wonderful precision and certainty of result. Nothing, however, was more free from its former shackles, than the imagination, which now soared through the whole compass of possibilities, calling up shapes and images from the great deep of non-entity, and basking in the gorgeous light of its own creations. All the natural desires and appetites rose up within me with more than tenfold strength; the artificial were but habits of my body, which I had left behind. My sensibilities were strangely acute; the affections possessed an unknown buoyancy and ardor; and the will, that centre of all life, whether bodily or spiritual, towered up with colossal strength.

"Here I was, then, an inhabitant of another world,

yet entirely alone; for he that is born into that state, though an infant in experience, needs no maternal help. The soul is left to its own resources, as much as in the mortal life; and it must be the cause of its own condition, even in that world of unchangeable effects. Having lost all sense of time, I know not how long I stood on the brink of the future state, without making the slightest effort of any kind; but, at length, becoming pained with my loneliness, and every principle of my being calling out for society, I uttered a wish to see some being of like nature with myself. I even definitely desired, that a certain female friend of mine, a pattern of every virtue, who had died many years before, might come to my relief. In an instant, she stood before me, the most beautiful and lovely creature I ever saw. We met each other with a cordial salutation. At first, her company gave me pleasure; but afterward I began to grow uneasy in her presence, her conversation, her manners, her spirit, being so entirely above my own. Never before had I seen my own moral deformity, as I saw it then; and gradually I fell into such a distaste of the silent reproof, which her exalted purity and loveliness cast upon me, that I secretly wished myself alone. The wish was creator to the fact; for, in a moment, she vanished from my sight.

"Supposing, however, that the fault might be in the inexperience of my visitor, who might never have been called to such a task before, I concluded that my best resort would be to demand one of the most perfect of the heavenly host, whose very perfection would fit him to bend to my low estate. I called for the archangel, Michael, and he came. Though his form was molded into absolute beauty, and his manners were as graceful and as winning as a child's, there was, withal, such a majesty in his look of innocence, that I dared not touch even the border of his robe. The rays of his exalted character streamed from his head with such a brilliance, that, though he seemed all love and condescension, he had scarcely appeared to me, before I internally desired him to be gone. Perceiving instantly my wishes, he smiled most benevolently, and receded from my view.

"Discouraged by these attempts to associate with beings so far above my level, I began to feel a strong curiosity to know whether heaven contained any inmates suited to my state. To discover this, however, by calling one after another to my aid, would certainly be a tedious, and might be a fruitless work. The only alternative was to go in person, could I be permitted, and make general observations; and a sense of this alternative so fastened itself upon me, that I soon resolved, if possible, to go. No sooner determined than I began to rise, and soar—up, up, away, away—through the ethereal space, until, at last, the gleams of celestial light dawned upon my rapt vision. The nearer I approached, the more intense was the radiance. Strains of choral music, faint at first, then louder and louder, burst upon my hearing. Soaring upward and onward, each moment adding strength and harmony to the voices, and power of effulgence to the light, the music became at last so ravishingly sweet, as to be painful to me, and the brilliance so dazzling that I could not endure it. Shutting my eyes, to save them from being utterly extinguished, and my ears, to stop up the avenues of insufferable emotions, I gave one loud shriek, and, in a moment, found myself once more alone on the verge of that existence, which I knew not how to occupy. One thing, however, I had learned. Heaven was no place

for me; nor were its inhabitants to be my companions; as the presence of these, and the sight of the other, were too much for my sinful and degraded nature. The farthest I could get from both was the place I now most coveted.

"The first effort I put forth, after these sad adventures, was to annihilate myself, by willing death to each of my faculties successively; for I began to loathe the very thought of being compelled to live eternally such a life. Every thing, as before, seemed to obey my volition. I began with the sensibilities, and soon put them all to rest; then the intellectual powers sank beneath my resistless fiat; and thus I progressed in the awful business of spiritual suicide, stabbing one faculty after another, till I was reduced again, just as in the process of physical death, to the very threshold of non-existence. Seeing myself, however, suspended from so small a point, over the black and bottomless depths of annihilation, my nature shrank from the terrific work and asserted itself with prodigious emphasis. My soul, gathered into a single formula, as before, once more exclaimed—*I will live*; and, glad to escape the ruin it had sought, though at the expense of any amount of suffering, was itself again.

"While sitting, in absolute despair of finding any thing good for me in the higher regions of the spiritual state, and beginning to think that they had been entirely overrated by living men, I heard a light step behind me, and turned to behold what might be there. I saw nothing; but, still hearing gentle footsteps, I made a deliberate effort to know the cause of them. Instantly, my vision was cleared, and I saw perfectly. It was a spirit, of a delicate and feminine appearance, who had just entered upon the immortal state; and its form and bearing were truly celestial, reminding me of my two heavenly visitors. I perceived, in a moment, that her mortal life had been far different from my own. I accosted her; but she seemed not to hear my words. She had no desire, I saw, to have intercourse with such a one as I, though, like myself, she appeared to long for company. She looked upward with a desiderative aspect; and, immediately, she was met by a manly spirit, of great personal beauty, and noble countenance, into whose arms she at once fell with rapture. Presently a group of little spirits, like cherubs, bearing her likeness, and resembling him, sprang up around her. Catching them up, one after the other, she hugged them to her bosom, and showered them with kisses, and shed tears of joy upon their angelic little faces, till I wept bitterly to behold the contrast of my own condition. Once embracing did not satisfy her; but I cannot tell how long, nor how ravishingly, she clasped him and them by turns, till she was perfectly overcome with her happiness. The manly spirit then turned his eyes upward; and, lo! other spirits, aged, and youthful, and of middling age, but all beautiful, and bearing a common likeness to the new inhabitant, or to her manlike visitor, appeared to them. They all met her with the same warm smiles and cordial embraces. Angels, too, and among them Michael, soon joined their company. O, such welcomes, such greetings, such words of triumph, such songs of victory! Down through the ethereal regions came a bright seraph, bearing in his hands a crown, a robe, and a golden girdle. I at once perceived for whom they were designed; and, burning with inward pain, I wished myself as far from the scene as might be possible. My prayer was again granted; and I found

myself once more alone with a sense of my desolation weighing heavily upon me.

"What, then, should I do? To associate with beings above me was torture; to be alone was a lingering pain. Society I was forced to have. Therefore, after much deliberation, I resolved to call for comrades, for persons entirely like myself. In a moment, they came trooping all around me. But how shall I describe my wonder, when I saw my own likeness copied in such a multitude of spirits! A kind of fellow-feeling immediately sprang up within me; for I saw, for the first time, characters within my own range of association. I was no longer oppressed by celestial radiances, though some of my new guests were far from being ugly. Two or three of them were even beautiful, as living men judge of beauty; and all of them were endurable for looks, so long as their conduct should continue grateful. This band, I must acknowledge, was exactly to my liking; for all reserve was instantly thrown aside; and they gave me one long, loud, hearty welcome. Instantly, I felt entirely at home among them; and I was glad to learn, that, before my calling for them, they were just starting to an entertainment. I desired them, by all means, not to forego their pleasures on my account, as I would be delighted to join their company.

"We commenced our excursion with all kinds of merriment, each one endeavoring to outdo the rest in exciting laughter, or in out-laughing the others at a sally or jet of wit. Wit and humor, in fact, far beyond any thing known among men, seemed to constitute their natural employment; and their sensitiveness was so great as to render them exceedingly alive to every display of this sort of genius. Dry sarcasm, keen satire, grave but most ridiculous irony, together with every species of windy or elaborate burlesque, flashed like coruscations from countenance to countenance. Jokes, puns, riddles, and even rhymes, containing some obscure but quaint significance, passed from lip to lip without intermission. One of the company, whom they called Oracle, caused great amusement by what he called his "responses;" and he was also constantly making expositions, most ludicrously contrived, of the profound mysteries of metaphysics. But their wit was not entirely spent in such generalities. They were occasionally most satirical toward each other; and I observed, that, whenever a poor fellow received a deeper thrust than he could well endure, he struggled severely to overtask his assailant, and that with anger, in the use of the same, or superior weapons. All this I enjoyed, at first, with a keen relish; for it exactly suited my disposition; and the whole company paid me, also, those marks of deference customarily given to a new associate.

"The first shade of uneasiness, that passed over me, was a sense of my great inferiority to them in every thing, which seemed to constitute their pleasure or employment. To be entirely silent gave too much proof of incapacity to satisfy my ambition; and every attempt I made to show off my parts, only drew down upon me a look of commiseration, or a burst of laughter. After repeated discomfitures, I resolved to keep perfect silence, for fear I should break down entirely in the good opinion of my betters, knowing, too, that one can sometimes maintain a tolerable position in the graces of ambitious talkers, by acquiring the reputation of a good listener. But I soon fell into the torment of all such characters—absence of mind; and so much so, that I would

absolutely rivet my eyes on the face of any one chancing to speak, as though I swallowed every syllable, while, in truth, I was only lost in a withering sense of my utter nothingness. Long after a speaker had concluded, and the conversation had been taken up by another, I would still hold my eyes where I had at first fixed them, staring like the very image of inanity.

"This conduct could not fail to call the attention of such keen observers; and I was soon the conscious object of the sly and searching inquisition of the party. A side glance would, now and then, be bestowed upon me, followed by indistinguishable whispers; and these, also, were occasionally succeeded by a sort of half-stifled laughter. When fully roused to a sense of my situation, I found that I was becoming, more and more, the butt of their wit in ambush. To be openly and manfully attacked by such skillful archers would have been sufficiently painful; but to stand a galling fire, from secret quarters, was most fatal. My spirit absolutely sunk within me. I had tried to find fit associates from heaven, and had been disappointed. I had essayed heaven itself, which, in return for my ambition, had nearly extinguished my faculties by its intolerable effulgence. Last of all, I had called for companions, come from whence they might; and finding these so perfectly my superiors, I discovered that their contemptuous conduct was quite natural, and that their society would be the source of unending mortification and agony to my feelings. But solitude—unqualified, unbroken, eternal solitude—I had learned to dread worse than any punishment. Annihilation, too, was impossible. Though I could reduce my existence to a single proposition, yet that proposition—*I will live*—would always assert itself in the last extremity, and damn me with a being which I had found to be not only comfortless but horrible. Eternity, above, below, and around, was one wide, desolate, barren region. I saw no ray of hope or beauty in it. With a shudder and a shriek, I cried aloud, 'Begone, begone from me;' and, in an instant, my companions all left me, excepting that one just alluded to under the nick-name of Oracle. It was the first time my wishes had not been fully granted.

"'If there is any thing,' said this spirit, 'in which I can serve you, be free to command. I am anxious to execute your wishes.'

"'Leave me, then,' I replied with emphasis, 'for this is all I ask of you.'

"'Every thing but that,' he answered gravely; 'your wishes cannot *all* be gratified any longer, as you have deliberately, and after repeated trials of experience, chosen to pass over the line that divides the regions of liberty from the territories of necessity and bondage. There is now no return for you. A choice once made, in your present state, has no alternative, but to go on to its last consequences.'

"'But the choice,' I retorted, 'was not a free one, feeling, as I did, a necessity to make it, or be for ever miserable.'

"'And that necessity,' said the spirit, 'you brought with you. It was your character. Heaven would have been, as you found, the deepest hell to such a being as you are. You sighed for beings of your own order, having proved yourself unfit for better company. Those beings came; and, true to their occupation, they have led you into a deeper insight of your eternal wretchedness. You could not enjoy them; nor can they ever enjoy you. In fact, they enjoy not each other; for, as

you saw, not a word of love, or comfort, or fellowship, dropped from the lips of any one of them. Each, miserable in himself, seeks to bring others to his own level, and crowds them as much lower as he finds it possible. They associate only because, like yourself, they have found solitude worse than any amount of torture.'

"'I certainly found it so,' said I to my instructor; 'and now, since I am to live under the necessity of existence, bound to society by yearnings irrepressible, and yet having no joy from that society, I would like to know, at once, what ray of happiness, if any, is left to me.'

"'It is not possible,' replied the spirit, 'for you to learn much here except by personal experience; but, having devoted myself to difficult and abstruse investigations, I have discovered a way by which one's experience can be greatly accelerated. Much knowledge can be crowded into a little compass. If you desire it, I can aid you in this particular; but I warn you, that, unlike the world from which you came, even knowledge, in these regions, is a fountain of bitter agony.'

"'But ignorance,' I answered, 'even here, must be more painful; for not to know is to dread the worst, when, perchance, a milder fate lies before, than fancy pictures to us. Doubt, unresolved, is worse than death.'

"'Be it, then,' rejoined the spirit, 'according to thy request. Here, but a few steps away, stands a brazen gate. I have the power to open it.'

"Back on its grating hinges rolled the ponderous doors; and we entered, by a downward flight of steps, into a stupendous hall, the roof of which, that seemed to be a canopy, blue as ether, and as high as heaven, was supported by two lines of pillars. A strange, glimmering, unearthly light struggled through it. In the centre of the hall stood a chair, to which I was immediately conducted, my guide desiring me to sit. Having made a few passes about my temples, he laid his thumbs upon my eyelids; and I fell at once into a sort of waking slumber, in which I was conscious of every thing, and yet seemed to sleep. Touching a certain point on my head with his first finger, he wished me to tell him what effect it had upon me.

"'I am all memory,' I replied, 'every vestige of my former life—my birth-place, the haunts of my youth, the scenes of early manhood, my father's pious family, and, O, among them, my angelic mother—these are all before me. I see, too, the slippery paths, which I once trod in pursuit of pleasure—the follies, sins, and crimes, of all my life—the means provided for my restoration to virtue and happiness—my scorn and neglect of them; and, finally, the ruin brought upon myself by this mad course of conduct. O, let me look no more on what I have been!'

"'Nay,' said the speaker, 'thy memory is immortal; and thou art to look for ever on thy miserable past! Come! let us descend.' I then followed him to another hall, down another flight of steps, where every thing was still more dismal. There, too, was another chair in the centre of the hall, on which he seated me. Touching me in another point of the head, he repeated his interrogation.

"'I am nothing, now,' I answered, 'but reason. The boundless world of facts and principles is before me. I perceive the relations of all bodies. I understand the connection of effects and causes perfectly. Physical, and mental, and moral fitness, is as plain as light to me; and, O, what pains me deeply, I see how strangely,

wildly, mortally, I have broken every law of my noble being! I have utterly perverted them, running counter to the order of nature, and doing violence to every capacity within me. O, let me be mad again, that I endure no more the insufferable revelations of insulted reason!"

"But this faculty, too," he replied, "is undying; and eternally art thou to suffer its reproaches. Descend!"

"Again I followed him to a yet lower, and darker, and drearier hall, where another chair stood ready for me. Putting his two first fingers on the sides of my head, behind the temples, he bade me go on and tell him what I saw.

"Wonderful! I am a being of exclusive imagination," said I, "soaring up to the heights of a world of fancy. But, alas! the creations of my mind are all terrible. I am surrounded by sights of pain and horror. Dreams of wickedness, reveries of revenge and malice, emotions and schemes of licentiousness, rise up in spite of me. The torments actually experienced are nothing to those my fancy makes for me. O, cruel invention! merciless genius! most torturing spirit, leave me!"

"This spirit," retorted my instructor, "is a part of that very nature, which thou hast perverted; and, like thyself, it will live for ever."

"Conducting me down again, into a lower place, and seating me as before, he said, 'Go on; tell me faithfully.'

"I am now all love."

"Love!"

"Yes, all love."

"What lovest thou?"

"I love evil—all evil—the essence of all evil. It stabs me, a rational creature, to say so; but I love naught but evil."

"Again we groped our dark way downward; and, when I was seated, my guide exclaimed, 'What next? Art now swallowed up in love?'"

"Nay," said I, "I am not. My whole soul is summed up in one word; and that word is anger."

"What hatest thou?" inquired the spirit.

"I hate all good," I answered, "physical, intellectual, moral—individual and social—temporal and spiritual; and I hate Him supremely, who is the source and centre of it all. I am angry with him. His goodness is to me but evil. Evil is far better than his good. Nay, if thou canst understand, I rationally admire, though my heart burns with malice toward him. I could tear him from his throne; and yet that throne commands my reverence. How am I divided! My soul is in a state of mutiny! Who, O who, shall free me from this distraction?"

"This is but another portion of thy curse," said he again, "which thou must drink eternally! Go down to a deeper insight of thyself."

"I obeyed, and walked down another flight of steps, into a most doleful place, the whole aspect of which was frightful.

"What now?" said the spirit.

"I am swallowed up in a single passion. I am one mass of trembling, quaking fear. I fear not evil; for that is consonant to me; but good seems terrible; and yet I see nothing but good around me. The omnipotent Author of all good, whose presence confronts me everywhere, is the supreme object of my dread. He, whom others love and worship, is my enemy, because I am evil, and he is good. His arm is almighty; and I must sink for ever in a struggle, which I must make, though knowing that all is lost!"

"Nay," interposed my guide, "but there are other

depths of self-knowledge below thee still. Let us seek them."

"We here clambered our way down a much longer flight than ever, into an exceedingly gloomy hall. No sooner was I seated, in another chair, similar to the others, than my leader whispered into my ear, in a most terrific breath of voice, his customary interrogation; and then started back, as if to witness and enjoy my pain.

"Ah me!" I exclaimed. "Painful indeed to feel compunctions of duty in such a state as this! To hate, and to nurse anger and revenge, and to raise rebellion against all good, and to mutiny toward Heaven, and fire the universe with rage, is nothing when unvisited by a sense of right; but to err, to feel a fault, in thy presence, O meek-eyed Conscience, is more than heart can hold. O leave me—for ever leave me; and let me be entirely lost—to feel that treason against right is right. Stay not to be a canker, a worm, a disease gnawing at my heart. Let me call for the birds of prey, for the vultures of hell, to pick at my vitals—for the dogs of the Tartarean gulf to tear and devour my flesh—for floods of fire to roll over and swallow me up for ever, rather than to suffer thy tortures—to be oppressed, weighed down, with a sense of obligation to the right, when all the rest of my being makes me its unyielding, eternal foe! Die, perish, holy but ungrateful monitor, that I may live of thee unmolested, in the depth and madness of all other woe!"

"No, no," exclaimed my guide, with a malicious smile, "thou hast turned coward too soon. Come, at the bottom of the soul, there is a ray of brightness often, when all else are fled. Descend we to another deep of wisdom. For this time, it shall be thy last."

"Following him, as before, down, down, down, I entered into another vast apartment, lighted by a most flattering but dubious and unsatisfying gloom. Taking my seat, as usual, I felt the pressure of his two fingers again on the opposite sides of my head.

"What now?" he inquired.

"Ay, I know not what," said I. "It is not hope—nay, it is hope; but how strange! It does not resemble such hope as mortals have, and yet carries its features well. It is a hope in doing wrong. It is centred in whatever may oppose itself to good. Sin, rebellion, mutiny, treason to Heaven, and rage, and fierce revenge, and plots of deep and subtil purpose, such as may, perchance, succeed against the Almighty and hurl him from his seat—these are now my hope; and yet this hope, stabbed by reason, maddened by fear, condemned by conscience, is pushed on to powerful despair. Despair is powerful. It is the insanity of hope; and insanity is often stronger than sanity. It sometimes breathes resistless valor into timid breasts. It raises the fearful fawn to turn upon its pursuer, and makes a vulture of the dove. Come, then, fell despair, be thou my hope; and Heaven may yet tremble, when thou shalt marshal all thy rage! Nay, but he is almighty, I cannot; he is all good, I ought not; every power and passion of my nature wars, by turns, upon my purpose; and that purpose is nothing but the loss of every expectation but of eternal woe! Come woe, come ruin, come whatever lies next above annihilation, which I covet but cannot have, and bury me in deep oblivion, where no thought of life, no ray of light, no beam of goodness, no hope of unwished mercy, no look of hateful love, may ever reach me more! Nay, O God—"I will live"—this last, deepest, deathless element survives to torture me for ever; and

for ever I am doomed to live the black death of unchangeable despair!"

"Now thou hast pricked the worm, which coils eternally about thy heart, to sting thy soul for ever, and pierce thee with undying pangs. This, without thy other tortures, would alone be hell. That hell thou carriest in thee. It is thyself, from whom thou canst never make one brief remove. Always to be thyself is hell. Fire, and all physical tortures, would be harmless here. Depraved by sin, with thy memory harrowing up thy recollection of better days, with thy reason condemning all thy former course, with thy imagination filling thee with the most fearful shapes, with thy best affections centred in the love of sin, with thy anger raging against the essence of all good, and, worst of all, with thy deathless conscience for ever damning thee with its intolerable rebukes—this, lost one, is hell. This is the hell we feel; and thou shalt sink deeper and deeper in it, while the cycles of eternal ages roll!"

"Is there, then, no retrieve?"

"None."

"Is there no speculation, no tradition handed down, of some period, however far away in the depths of revolving ages, when some change for the better may arrive?"

"None whatever."

"Is there no hope, that the soul, worn out with pain, will sink beneath its load and die?"

"No, never! every moment gives it new capacity to suffer woe. There will come a time, when thy grown heart shall hold more torment, than all the suffering sons of cursed Adam ever knew by poverty, disease, misfortune, flood, or fire! Thou shalt afterward carry more pain than all hell itself now knows. Thy being's law is growth. Hadst thou come here with a heaven-formed character, heaven itself could not now furnish thee the measure of thy future joy; but, with a mind bred to sin, there is naught before thee but the deeper and deeper depths of insufferable agony and despair! Look thou upon those awful deeps, where shapes of misery thicken and blacken as thy vision travels down! Behold them descending, descending, descending toward the bottomless abyss of woe! Mark the dial face of that massive clock above thee, whose pendulum ticks ages instead of seconds; and every time the hammer of it hits the doleful bell, the word for ever—for ever—for ever—rolls and reverberates through the deep caves of hell! As I lay this crown upon thy head, which shall touch thy faculties into tenfold life, harrowing them all up to their horrid work, I leave thee, as thou didst first desire, to wander thy way down alone!"

"No sooner had the crown fairly settled upon my head, than every power and propensity of my perverted nature rose into a rage of activity, which I had never known before. If the excitement of a single faculty, under the successive touches of my instructor, could cause me such insufferable agonies, what words shall express the repeated hells of their combined and concentrated action! Like one on fire with delirium, I ran down the rapid descent, from hall to hall, flight after flight, determined, as soon as possible, to reach the lowest level of the strange edifice, and thence plunge at once into the last abyss of ruin; but, when the awful verge was gained, and the plunge made, and I found myself descending through regions of thick darkness to an unknown and perhaps unexisting bottom, a cringing horror took such possession of me, that I awoke from

the frightful vision, which, in spite of the cold snow on which I was lying, had caused great drops of perspiration to stand upon my forehead. On fully awaking, I started up, and discovered a richly-figured tunic, reposing upon the bank beside me. Regarding it instantly as a signal of Providence that my penances had now reached the needful limit, I joyfully seized the token; and, arraying myself in it, I have ever since worn it, both as a memorial and a talisman. The only remaining affliction, left to humble me in my latter years, is, that, though now far gone in the sear and decrepitude of age, I am doomed to the appearance of the vigor, the beauty, and the buoyancy of youth."

At the conclusion of this terrific speech, the old cripple in the corner sat motionless, with his eyes glassy with horror, his countenance pale and ghastly, the very image of Amazement lost in fearful meditation. *More anon.*

TIGHT-LACING.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, the celebrated authoress, whose fame has filled the world, makes the following confession, from her own experience, in reference to tight-lacing:

"One morning, when his daughter was about eight years old, my father came in, and found sundry preparations going on, the chief materials for which were buckram, whalebone, and other stiff articles, while the young lady was under measurement by the hands of a female friend.

"Pray, what are going to do with the child?"

"Going to fit her with a pair of stays."

"For what purpose?"

"To improve her figure; no young lady can grow up properly without them."

"I beg your pardon; young gentlemen grow up very well without them, and so may young ladies."

"O, you are mistaken. See what a stoop she has already; depend on it this girl will be both a dwarf and a cripple if we don't put her into stays."

"My child may be a cripple, ma'am, if such is God's will; but she shall be one of his making, not ours."

"All remonstrance was vain; stays and every species of tight dress were strictly prohibited by the authority of one whose will was, as every man's ought to be, absolute in his own household. He also carefully watched against any evasion of the rule; a ribbon drawn tightly round my waist would have been cut without hesitation, by his determined hand; while the little girl of the anxious friend whose operations he had interrupted, enjoyed all the advantages of that system from which I was preserved. She grew up a wand-like figure, graceful and interesting, and died of decline at nineteen, while I, though not able to compare shapes with a wasp or an hour-glass, yet passed muster very fairly among mere human forms, of God's molding; and I have enjoyed to this hour a rare exemption from headaches, and other lady-like maladies, that appear almost the exclusive privilege of women in the higher classes.

"This is no trivial matter, believe me; it has frequently been the subject of conversation with professional men of high attainment, and I never met with one among them who did not, on hearing that I never but once, and then only for a few hours, submitted to the restraint of these unnatural machines, refer to that exemption, as a means, the free respiration, circulation, and powers both of exertion and endurance with which the Lord has most mercifully gifted me."

THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

HAVING, in our last issue, given a compendious view of the Political State of Europe, we shall now present to our readers a summary of what the great Reviews have been about for the last quarter.

The *Edinburg Review*, for October, 1848, which is the one hundred and seventy-eighth number of the work, contains seven able articles.

1. The first is a friendly review of two political works by JOHN STUART MILL. The reviewer commends the author for making a just distinction between Political Economy as a *science*, and Political Economy as an *art*. The one, he thinks, is totally different from the other, though nearly all philosophers have confounded them in their books. Mr. Mill treats the subject as a science; and then goes on to designate the field of its investigations. The reviewer again commends the writer for the simplicity and perspicuity of his definition of the object of Political Economy—"the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth." Professor Mill's second work, as above recorded, is divided into five books: I. On Production. II. On Distribution. III. On Exchange. IV. On the Influence of the Progress of Society on Production and Distribution. V. On the Influence of Government. The reviewer discusses, with considerable ability, all these points, and evidently regards this work as the profoundest and best now extant. We make a single extract, not from the reviewer, but from Mr. Mill's work itself, to give our readers that philosopher's opinion in relation to the marriage contract: "Another exception," says Mr. Mill, "to the doctrine that individuals are the best judges of their own interest, is when an individual attempts to judge irrevocably now what will be best for his interest at some future and distant time. The presumption in favor of individual judgment is only legitimate where the judgment is grounded on actual, and especially on present, personal experience; not where it is formed antecedently to experience, and not suffered to be reversed even after experience has condemned it. When persons have bound themselves by a contract, not simply to do some one thing, but to continue doing something for ever, or for a prolonged period, without any power of revoking the engagement, the presumption which their perseverance in that course of conduct would otherwise raise in favor of its being advantageous to them, does not exist; and any such presumption which can be grounded on their having voluntarily entered into the contract, perhaps at an early age, and without any real knowledge of what they undertook, is commonly next to null. The practical maxim of leaving contracts free, is not applicable, without great limitations in case of engagements in perpetuity; and the law should be extremely jealous of such engagements; should refuse to sanction them, when the obligations they impose are such as the contracting party cannot be a competent judge of: if it ever does sanction them, it should take every possible security for their being contracted with foresight and deliberation; and in compensation for not permitting the parties themselves to revoke their engagement, should grant them a release from it, on a sufficient case being made out before an impartial authority."

2. The second article is a review of the letters of Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, from the year 1769 to the year 1797, which clearly shows the witty Walpole to have been a splendid letter-writer, a miserable critic, and a vain, though not entirely a heartless man. Walpole condemned Goldsmith, his superior in every thing but his titles, without mercy, and said that Montaigne, the great metaphysician, "never thought of any thing but himself, and never did any thing in his life!" He preferred Mason, a miserable poet, to Pope, and considered Garrick as no great affair. Lord Ossory's opinion of Walpole is given in a few words: "Horace Walpole was an agreeable, lively man, very affected, always aiming at wit, in which he fell very short of his old friend, George Selwyn, who possessed it in the most genuine but indescribable degree."

3. The next paper is a review of a couple of works by Francis W. Newman, the first An Appeal to the Middle Classes on the urgent Necessity of numerous Radical Reforms, Financial and Organic, and the second on English Life, Social and Domestic,

in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century, considered in reference to our position as a Community of professing Christians. This article is leveled against the excesses of the recent French Revolution, and maintains the doctrine of *peaceable reform*—reform without bloodshed or war. It is the doctrine of *moral suasion*, as we term it in this country, applied to the reformation of social abuses committed by a state.

4. The fourth is a very interesting discussion of Chinese gardening, in a review of Fortune's late work entitled *Wanderings in China*, wherein the reviewer proves, 1st. That the taste of the Chinese has been praised extravagantly; and, 2d. That the English did not borrow their love of horticulture from this oriental people, as has been so long supposed. The reviewer sums up his article in the following words:

"Our first object has been, to compare the conflicting accounts which had been given of the taste and practice of the Chinese, and to see how far they could be reconciled with each other; our next, to show that, whatever distance separates the spacious parks of the emperor from the ordinary and all but topiary garden of the mandarins, an almost equal diversity has prevailed—we are not sure that we might not say prevails—among ourselves. Not that we are a whit more indebted to Chinese precedents for the one style than the other. In a country like England, the two styles were pretty sure to spring up and maintain their ground, first one and then the other—or both together; and to have admirers in every class, according to the originality of individual fancies or the current fashion of the day. On such a subject as the natural and the elaborate—and between different forms of art, according to the style or ornaments preferred—each will always have its zealous advocates: provided only, when the several systems are put in opposition, that other circumstances are equally advantageous. No theory and no experience have yet established which of them produces the highest, most permanent, and most extensive pleasure. Lord Byron had a pride in thinking that our national taste, as it is conceived to be shown in what is called an English garden, had grown up less under the influence of our landscape painters than that of our descriptive poets—more especially Milton and Pope. We should not wonder, notwithstanding—so variable a thing is taste in matters of this kind—if Temple were now to find almost as large a party to follow him to Moor Park, as would accompany Thomson and Pope to Stowe.

"A taste for flowers and scenery is now so widely spread and diligently cultivated, that it is only reasonable to expect a great improvement in the arts relating to them. The layer out of a garden has at present abundant power of forming his taste: statements of various systems are before him—comparisons of them and discussions without end. There is no excuse for him if he does not make himself so well acquainted with these, as to at least avoid the manifest errors that they point out. He can likewise select for the decoration of his spaces, from so large and admirable a catalogue of trees, shrubs, and flowers, that any shape or color can be acquired. Cheap glass puts within his reach the vegetable productions of every climate. Never were means so ample. We confidently hope that a good use will be made of these facilities: but that this may be so, we cannot be too much on our guard against any extreme and exclusive system."

5. The next article is on Ethnology, or the Science of Races, being a review of Dr. Pritchard's book, *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*. The entire history of this new and most beautiful science, from Camper to Blumenbach, from Blumenbach to Cuvier, and from Cuvier to our own times, is clearly sketched by the reviewer. He divides the race, physically, into three classes: 1st. Those whose heads are in shape *pyramidal*, with a group of personal and mental traits generally accompanying this conformation. 2d. Those whose head is *oval* or *elliptical*, with its characteristic accompaniments of body and mind. 3d. The *pragnathous* head, where the face is elongated, like the monkey's and ape's. The first includes the nations of eastern Asia, and the aboriginals of our country. The second embraces the European races. The third is the type of the negro and his kindred tribes. Then follows a general and most able discussion of all the points of difference

between these generic races—color, features, language, religion—the sum of which is, at last, that the Scriptural doctrine of the *Unity of the Human Race*, is the doctrine of philosophy, as much as it is of revelation. But this article must be read in order to be appreciated or understood.

6. This is a review of the *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second*, in which the reviewer vindicates the character of its slandered author, Lord Hervey, from the foul and ungenerous aspersions of his enemies, particularly of Pope. His Lordship is made out to be a most noble character, modest, honorable, brave, and the very model of beauty in a man. His wife, too, the famous Mary Lepell, whom Chesterfield and Pulteney so lauded, receives, with him, a poet's tribute in the following lines, which we quote for their novelty, as well as to disprove the common opinion, that *he* was a deformed or unhandsome man:

"For Venus had never seen bedded
So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepell."

7. The last paper in the number, and the ablest, is on the *Present State of Europe*, to which we have before referred, as so confirmatory of our last month's article on the Political State of that quarter of the globe.

The *North British Review*, for November, 1848, is about the ablest we have ever seen of that very able work. Its articles are on the following topics:

1. Juvenile Criminals, wherein the reviewer traces the sources of youthful crime to a bad education, to a corrupt state of society in general, to poverty, and, last of all, to that new principle of prison discipline, which proposes to educate and bless the offender, instead of punishing him for his offenses.

2. Historical Foundation of the Church of Rome, in which the writer shows, 1st. That we have no evidence that Peter was ever a Bishop at Rome, if he was ever even there at all; 2d. That, whether there or not, or Bishop there or not, he never claimed to be sole Vicar of God on earth, or appointed a successor to fill his place; and, 3d. That the passages in the New Testament, so constantly repeated by Romanists, by no means give to Peter this supposed supremacy over the apostles and the Church, and were never quoted or employed for that purpose, till a very recent day. This is the profoundest and most satisfactory article on the subject we have ever seen. It proves conclusively, that Aquilla and Priscilla first planted the Gospel at Rome about the year 57; that St. Paul established the Church there about 59; that St. Paul suffered martyrdom in that city about 64, at which time the Gentile Churches of the west fell to the care of St. Peter, who then lived in Babylon, where he wrote his two Epistles General, addressed to all these wide-spread Churches, about the years 65 and 66, and where he suffered martyrdom in 68; that it was not till the year 220, that the idea of Peter's ever having been a Bishop at Rome arose, and then appeared only in a fiction entitled the "Clementines;" and that St. Stephen, or Pope Stephen, in the year 256, was the first to boast of being the successor of St. Peter in the Papal chair! The writer, therefore, in allusion to the oath of belief, of Peter's having been the first Pope of Rome, taken by every Roman priest, closes his discussion in the following very severe but well-merited terms:

"Thus we have shown the hollowness of the historical foundation of the Papacy. But this is not the only result of our investigation. It leaves another, not less incontrovertible, and at the same time far more awful truth to be told. It is this: *Up to the present day the Church of Rome, by her 'Professio Fidei,' demands of every one of her ministers to firmly admit and embrace upon a solemn oath on the holy Gospel, and upon that solemn oath every one of her ministers firmly does admit and embrace—AN ACKNOWLEDGED FALSEHOOD.*"

3. Milne's Life of Keats, a beautiful article, well written, highly laudatory of Keats, but discriminative, and well worthy of the work.

4. Mr. Britton's Authorship of Junius Illustrated, a curious discussion of a curious subject, the result of which is, that neither Burke, nor Tooke, nor Barre, nor any other person, whose claims have been advocated, was the celebrated Junius,

but a certain man named *M'Lean*, a physician of eminence, a great traveler, a noted writer, and, as Junius certainly was, an Irishman.

5. Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Reid, in which Hamilton's additions to the Scotch philosophy of Common Sense are set forth much to the credit of the knight's metaphysical talents and philosophic lore.

6. Charles Lamb and his Friends come next; and never, we think, was the Retired Clerk of the India House so adequately treated in a critical review. His *fault*, and his *virtues* and *powers*, are acknowledged to their full.

7. The Castlereagh Papers constitutes the topic of the seventh article. Lord Castlereagh was the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, during the latter part of the French Revolution, while Bonaparte was at the height of his authority and renown. He was closely connected, also, with the Irish Rebellion of that time. He was minister, twice we believe, at the Congresses of Vienna, held to settle the affairs of different European powers. His revelations, therefore, will be read with interest by all those interested in such things; but of all the great characters of that day, qualified to write the *secret history* of the world for nearly half a century, Talleyrand was the man; and yet, to this hour, of his uncounted private letters to Louis the Eighteenth, which are supposed to contain hints and full developments by turns, of every thing worthy of being known of that period, not a page, we believe, has ever been authentically given to the world.

8. Germany: its State and Prospects, is the last article of the number, an able discussion of an interesting topic, the scope of which can be gathered from the concluding paragraph:

"On the whole the balance of probabilities appears to incline to the opinion that the German revolution is a *fait accompli*; that the central power with its national assembly is, in the language of English journalism, 'a great fact.'"

The *Westminster Review*, for October last, contains ten articles of great interest and importance.

1. It opens with a spirited attack on the published works, eight in number, of Lord John Russell. This is rather a tart and snappish article. It might be well said of it, as Scott said of one of his characters, that "the malt is aboon the meal;" for it has more pungency than power. The entire drift of it can be caught from the closing paragraph:

"We have expressed our opinions on the several works in the order in which they were published. It is unnecessary, therefore, to add to our criticism on their several merits. We regret that we cannot, upon the whole, sum up in Lord John Russell's favor; that we cannot favor his pretensions to literary rank, even in the smallest degree. The noble Lord may call, it is true, eleven witnesses, 4to., 8vo., and 12mo., to support his pretensions; but, if well advised, he will rather trust to the merciful consideration of the court, than rely upon their testimony: for the said witnesses, though decent enough in their exterior clothing, when made to disclose their evidence, will infallibly damage the noble defendant's cause, and for ever strip him of all LITERARY CHARACTER."

2. Indian Epic Poetry is the subject of the second paper, in which the writer divides his theme into two periods. The first is the period of the Vedas, four in number, composed in the fourteenth century before Christ, according to an astronomical calculation of Mr. Colebrook. This production is compared as to style to the works of Chaucer in our language. The second period is that of the two great heroic poems, *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, which treat of the early history of Southern India, and are classed with the *Iliad* of Homer. The reviewer makes liberal quotations from those old works, or from the Latin translation of them by Schlegel, and the Romanic one recently published at Athens. In rising up from a full perusal of these books, he eulogistically exclaims:

"*Dum stabunt montes, campis dum flumina current,
Usque, tuum toto carmen celebrabitur orbe!*"

That may all be; but, as yet, we have not even received these *carmina* into the wild-woods of this vast Hesperia!

3. Causes of Poverty is a brief but sensible investigation of the sources of the pauperism of Europe; and the general

remedy of which is pointed out in the three following paragraphs:

"Every human being must be taught, in other words, made to *know*, that in order to render this world habitable for civilized man, labor must be performed, knowledge acquired, economy practiced, and parental forethought exercised.

"Every human being must be trained, in other words, made to *feel*, so that in the whole of his conduct may be exemplified a cheerful and zealous performance of the duties deducible from what he knows.

"In the whole of the arrangements and institutions of society, their tendency and fitness, severally and collectively, to subserve and promote such states of understanding and feeling, should be steadily examined. Where they fall short in these respects, omissions must be supplied—where they run counter to what is required, they must be reformed."

4. The Iron Manufacture of South Wales is next set forth statistically, historically, and even poetically, in an article of great research, well written and happily illustrated, but abounding too much in facts to admit of a fair abstract of its contents or results.

5. Entomology, the fifth article, is a review of two works upon the subject, one by Edward Newman, the other by Maria E. Catlow, and gives a clear and interesting view of the science, together with a series of most remarkable illustrations. The physiology of those little fellows, who inhabit the small cracks and crannies of this great world, is a topic quite daring enough for a being, whose prerogative it is to measure the depths of space, to measure the orbits of the planets, and to weigh the sun and moon in his balances; but when he begins to treat of the psychology of an Aphis, whose very existence requires the aid of a magnifying glass, we then call upon all the philosophers, from Plato to Emanuel Kant, to lift up their hands. We call attention to this article as being well worthy the attention of all persons interested in such a theme. Entomology is a science well fitted, we think, not only by reason of its pleasantness and ease of prosecution, but on account of its practical bearing in household economy, to the female sex. A microscope and a sharp pin are the only instruments, and patience in observation and preservation the only qualification, required by this interesting science.

6. The Schleswig and Holstein Question comes next in order, which is an examination of the law of descent, as established in that province, out of which the recent war there has grown. The substance of the article can be obtained from the author's words:

"If the Diet and the King of Prussia declared that there was a part of the territory of Denmark in Schleswig, namely, the port of Flensburg, which they were determined to attach to the German empire, the avowal of an intent to commit so gross an act of aggression would render all discussion needless. This has not been simply avowed; but certain pretences have been advanced, the flimsy character of which it has been our object to explain. We have shown, 1. That Lauenburg was granted in exchange for Pomerania, which had been granted to the King of Denmark on resigning Norway; and that there is no other sovereign except the person who does or shall enjoy the crown of Denmark who is entitled to it. 2. That Schleswig was always a part of the dominions of the crown of Denmark, and consequently follows the succession of that crown. 3. That the sovereignty of Holstein fell to the crown of Denmark on the dissolution of the German empire, and that the legislature, or sovereign authority of Denmark is entitled to make any law regulating the succession to it. 4. That the Diet of the German Confederation has no power to interfere in the internal affairs of any of the states of the Confederation, except so far as the Act of Federation authorizes it, and that, in this case, such interference is not authorized by the terms of that Act."

7. Irish Clearances and Improvement of Waste Lands. This is a paper of immense practical interest at this time. It shows plainly, that the recent disturbances in Ireland are the legitimate results of the clearance system, put in operation by the English landholders owning the soil of Ireland to get rid of their tenants; that the legal appeal of the Irish to the British

Parliament, as was believed by the late insurgents, will never amount to much, as those very landlords are the men, who constitute, either in person, or by their representatives, the majority of the English legislature; and that the Irish, therefore, have but three alternatives—to starve at home, to emigrate to some other country, or to resist this act of ejectment, by which they are turned from their homes by thousands.

8. The French Republic, the title of the next paper, is rather a motto, than an index to the real subject in discussion. The article defends the Lamartine revolution, and the Provisional Government, with enthusiasm. The writer thinks Lamartine was compelled, against his own wishes, to declare a Republic, which, the minister maintained, was for the thirty-five millions of Frenchmen to do for themselves; that this was the first misstep of the Revolution; and that the rebellion of the barricades, and all subsequent difficulties in settling the Constitution of France, were the natural consequences of this error, forced upon Lamartine by the clamors of an ignorant and infuriated people. The reviewer, by a liberal extract, allows Louis Blanc to defend himself from the charge of creating or abetting the war of the barricades; and closes by a graphic description of the scene in the Assembly, just prior to the above-named outbreak. We quote a single passage to show our own people, that it is to the overgrown size of our own house of representatives, that we must attribute its annual failure of an adequate discharge of its public duty:

"We notice points which to some may appear of little importance, but which are really at the bottom of the whole theory of representation. There is no other reason than *numbers* for a nation not transacting its own business; and if its so-called representatives be also too numerous for the object, a nation must and will, sooner or later, get its work done without them. This question of numbers admits of a simple arithmetical solution. Assume three hundred days, and six hours a day for the debates of a session; what share in the debates does that allow each representative of the nine hundred members of the National Assembly? Twenty-four seconds of speaking in each day; two and a half minutes in each week; ten minutes in each month; two hours for the whole year!"

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for January, 1849, appears with the following list of articles:

1. The Year of Revolutions, the leader, is a tart review of the *principles* of the great movements of 1848, but should be read carefully and extensively in this country.

2. French Conquerors and Colonists is devoted chiefly to a criticism of the recent operations of the French in Algeria, which, the writer thinks, are very reprehensible.

3. The Caxtons is Part Ninth of a story, which we have not read from the beginning, and, consequently, cannot report.

4. The White Nile is the review of a German book of travels up the White branch of the Nile in Africa, and is very entertaining.

5. Art and Artists in Spain is rather laudatory of the genius of the Peninsula—much more so than was to be expected of an Englishman.

6. The Dodo and its Kindred is an interesting discussion respecting this extinct species of bird, and will invite the attention of all naturalists.

7. The Sword of Honor is a tale of 1787, well written and interesting.

8. Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange is a review of the life of that knight, in which we get a peep into some untold affairs of Queen Mary and her Court.

We have not space to speak at large of this number of *Blackwood*, but have undoubtedly said enough to create a desire in the reader to see it for himself. All of the above foreign magazines are now republished in this country by Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York. As many of our readers, after getting the occasional glimpses we shall give of them, may become desirous of procuring one or more of them for themselves, we will close this review of the reviews by quoting the low prices at which they are produced. For any one of the four reviews, \$3.00; for any two, \$5.00; for any three, \$7.00; for all four, \$8.00; for *Blackwood*, (monthly,) \$3.00; for *Blackwood*, and the four reviews, \$10.00.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January, 1849, carries a new aspect altogether, and breathes a new spirit. The contributions are generally very able, both in matter and manner; and the editorial department, which, in its present form, adds a new feature to the work, is a very valuable compilation of useful facts on interesting topics. We regret only that the orthography is not American, but English; for, while England is rapidly adopting Dr. Webster as its standard, and as rapidly discarding Walker and his predecessors, it does seem inexpedient for us Americans to neglect our own rising orthography for a much worse one now waning. The punctuation, too, we think, is a little faulty; but these are trifling things compared with the superior excellences of our great quarterly. We feel now proud of it; and are not afraid to see it laid down in close comparison with the ablest periodicals of this country. As we intend to give a full analysis of the number, and of each number successively, under another head, we forbear, for the present, further eulogy.

LIFE OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, as contained in her Personal Recollections, with Explanatory Notes, and a Memoir, by L. H. J. Tonna. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1848.—Mrs. Tonna, or, as she is universally known, Charlotte Elizabeth, attained a vast celebrity, in a very few years, by her numerous and excellent productions. Her style is peculiarly idiomatic, and hence exactly suited to the masses; her matter is always practical, containing something to be done by the reader; and the spirit she breathes, in all her works, is the spirit of a sensible, discreet, honest, benevolent, pure-minded Christian. Her books have been extensively read in this country; and she has gained the admiration, we believe, of all her readers. She is the Hannah More of the nineteenth century. The work now before us is a captivating and instructive narrative, chiefly by herself, of the most striking passages in her life and experience. It is a small duodecimo of three hundred and sixty pages, tastefully bound, and sold by Geo. L. Weed, Cincinnati.

CATALOGUE AND CIRCULAR OF GUNDRY'S CINCINNATI MERCANTILE COLLEGE. 1848.—This institution we have visited repeatedly, and have gladly witnessed its rapid progress onward and upward. It is now, we believe, the very best institution of its class in the Union. Mr. Gundry, the President, is a scholar and a gentleman, a member of the bar, a splendid penman, and a superior lecturer and teacher. The best of order is maintained at the College; and the pupils, who, as we see by the Catalogue, are now from eight different states, speak of their advancement in the most flattering terms. We have not space enough for what we should be glad to add; but we know not whether we could say more, even in a long description of this first and best of commercial colleges, than that it is the one, above all others, which we should patronize ourselves, had we a pupil for it.

PLATO AND HIS PHILOSOPHY: an Address delivered before the Platonian Society of the Indiana Asbury University, by Samuel W. Parker. 1848.—This performance is characterized more by its rhetoric than by its logic; and yet its style, and the citation of facts, are not always accurate. On the first page, for example, where a writer is presumed to compose with great care, the author says, "The great poet of Rome, in her Augustan age, says, 'Felix qui causas rerum cognoscere.'" The passage referred to is probably the following: "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas," which we quote from memory, not having the school classic by us. There are worse defects of style than this, however, in Mr. Parker's address; but the chief blemish is the attempt at a parallel between Plato and our Savior, which constitutes the substance of his production. All such comparisons, whether for or against the character of Jesus, are frigid, out of taste, repulsive, belonging to the school of the old Illuminati of Paris. The Address evinces much reading rather than close thinking; but, with these faults, it has the virtue of inspiring high admiration for the character of Plato.

We feel bound to add, after having pointed out the defects of this address, that it could not have been written by any ordinary man; but it was probably composed in the hurry of business and of worldly care.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR readers will greet with pleasure the return of several of our old correspondents, and the accession of many new ones.

Bishop Morris has given us an article of great value, which, we think, will be particularly acceptable to all thoughtful young ladies. Mrs. Gardiner's "Faith" is like all her poems—beautiful. E. M. B. furnishes a fine parody of Hamlet's celebrated self-talk. Mrs. Harlan is welcome again, after her long silence, to our pages. Mrs. Bigelow fully sustains her high reputation as a poetess. Mrs. Howe's "Familiar Letters" will obtain for her a wide popularity. Rev. M. P. Gaddis continues his "Moonlight Visit," in which, however, there is no moonshine, but thoughts for the soul to think of and the man to practice.

But, in looking over the list again, we see we have unintentionally omitted the name of Professor Larrabee, another old contributor, whose long silence has been much inquired about by our agents and correspondents. We suppose he has been too busy with his new duties as President pro tempore of the Indiana Asbury University to admit of his paying much attention to his favorite pursuit of writing. In reference to his enjoyment of his new post we know nothing, but, for the information of our readers, will quote what the western correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal says of him in that relation:

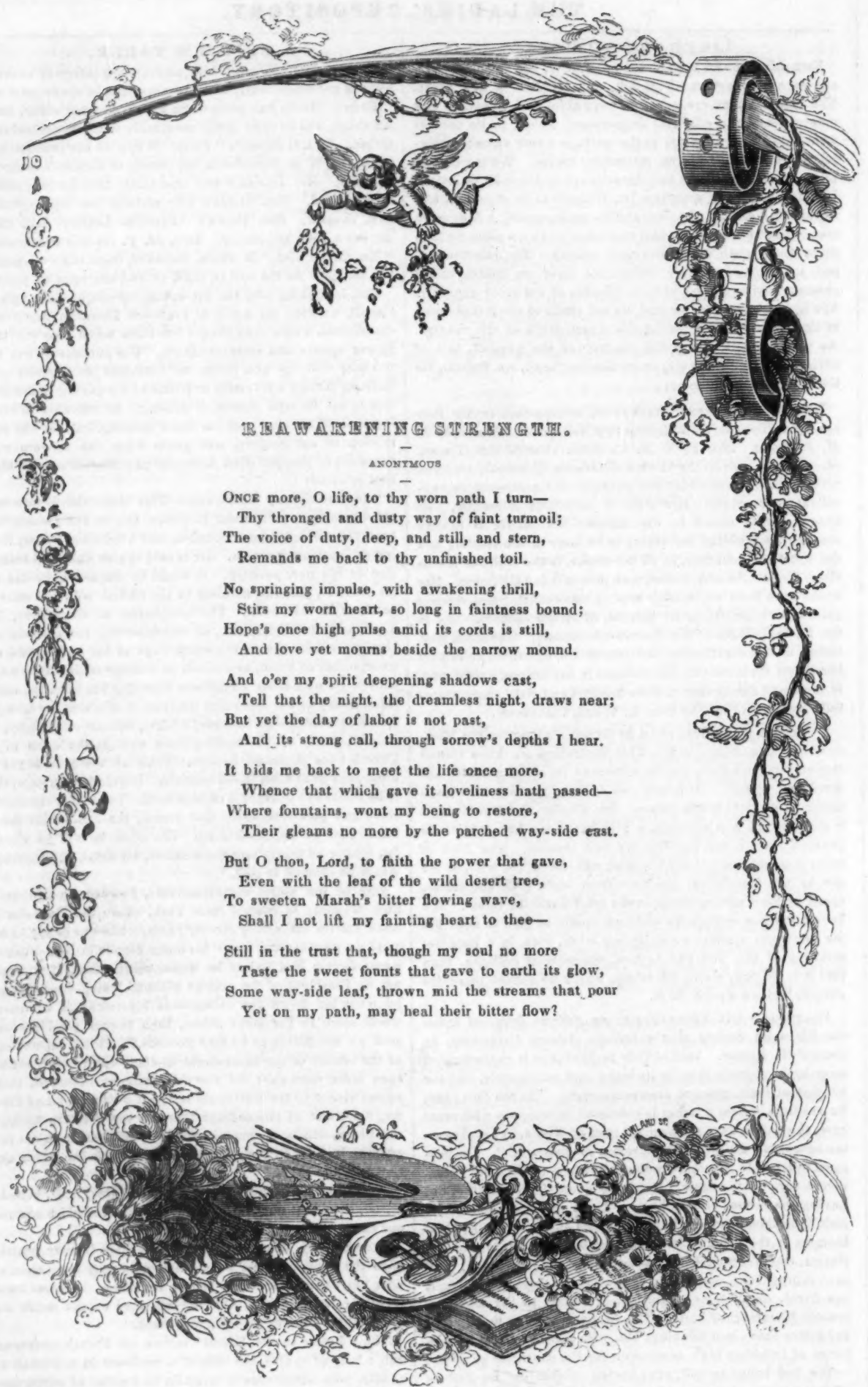
"Indiana Asbury University.—This institution is now without a president. Professor Larrabee, known everywhere as an accurate scholar, a good speaker, and a splendid writer, is acting as President pro tem. He is said to give universal satisfaction in his new position. It would be singular if he did not; for there is, perhaps, no man in the Church who has more experience in this work. The seminaries at Cazenovia, New York, and Readfield, Me., of which he was successively principal, saw their most prosperous days in his hands, and they were, either of them, as difficult to manage at that time as any college we now have. Professor Larrabee has been the educator of many of our most able men, some of whom are now professors, presidents of colleges, editors, doctors of divinity, &c. Indeed, many of the leading men now at the helm of the Church were educated by him. With all these, he is yet the most popular teacher in our schools. It would be strange, then, if he could not manage a college well. I see that the *Indiana American* puts him down first among the candidates for the Presidency of the institution. We hope he will be elected; for, taking all things into the account, all think his superior it would be difficult to find."

One of our ablest correspondents, however, a minister of high standing in central New York, where the Professor has been known for nearly twenty years, wishes us to say to him, (and we now say it,) that "his many friends in New York will never forgive him unless he writes more—that, if he cannot act as President of the college without laying down his pen, he must lay down the college—as his talent as a writer is worth more to the great public, than twenty presidencies of such an institution as he now governs." This is all we know of the silence of our much-inquired-about contributor, but may soon learn more; for we are this moment informed, that a recent visitor to the University has sent a "lengthy and laudatory" account of proceedings there to the Western Christian Advocate, which, of course, will gladly publish it: so our readers may look for it, and, when it comes, settle the whole question for themselves.

Among our new contributors the name of Rev. D. D. Whedon, D. D., President of Michigan University, will hold a conspicuous place.

Otway Curry, Esq., a gentleman of high literary position, once the popular editor of a western literary magazine, and who has written for us on former occasions, becomes now a regular correspondent. Our readers may expect much from him without the risk of disappointment.

The "Letter to the Editor" is from our French correspondent, a lady of genius, the wife of a professor in a French university, who undertakes to write for us a series of communications from that interesting country. We have, also, two communications from our Chinese correspondents, one of which, on the "Gardens of the Flowery Empire," is truly rich.



REAWAKENING STRENGTH.

ANONYMOUS

ONCE more, O life, to thy worn path I turn—
Thy thronged and dusty way of faint turmoil;
The voice of duty, deep, and still, and stern,
Remands me back to thy unfinished toil.

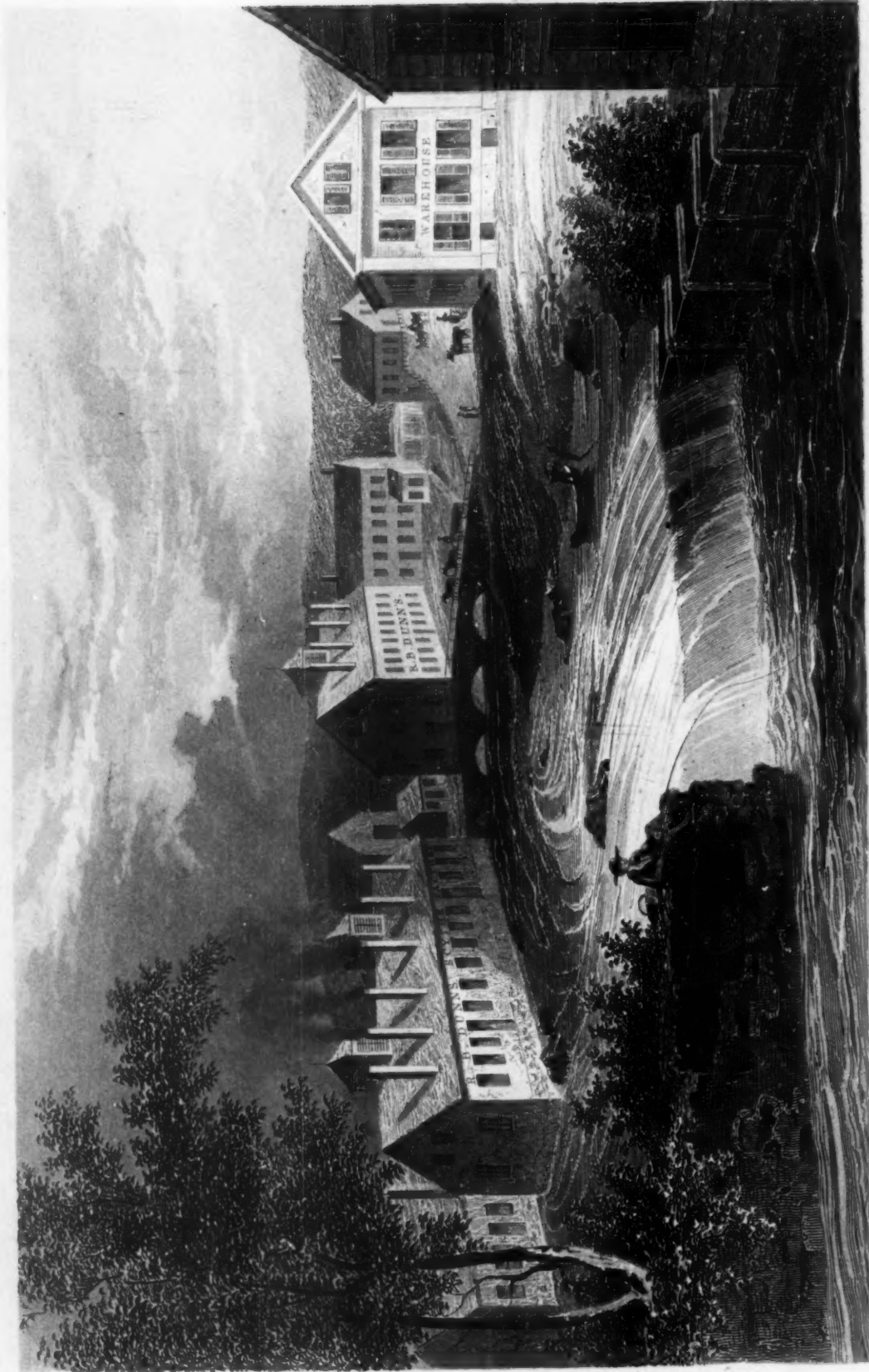
No springing impulse, with awakening thrill,
Stirs my worn heart, so long in faintness bound;
Hope's once high pulse amid its cords is still,
And love yet mourns beside the narrow mound.

And o'er my spirit deepening shadows cast,
Tell that the night, the dreamless night, draws near;
But yet the day of labor is not past,
And its strong call, through sorrow's depths I hear.

It bids me back to meet the life once more,
Whence that which gave it loveliness hath passed—
Where fountains, wont my being to restore,
Their gleams no more by the parched way-side east.

But O thou, Lord, to faith the power that gave,
Even with the leaf of the wild desert tree,
To sweeten Marah's bitter flowing wave,
Shall I not lift my fainting heart to thee—

Still in the trust that, though my soul no more
Taste the sweet founts that gave to earth its glow,
Some way-side leaf, thrown mid the streams that pour
Yet on my path, may heal their bitter flow?



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